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REVIEWS OF NEW BOOKS.

Correspondence of the Right Hon. Edmund Burke, between the year 1744 and the period of his Death in 1797. Edited by Charles William, Earl Fitzwilliam, and Lieut.-Gen. Sir Richard Bourke, K.C.B. 4 vols. 8vo. Rivingtons. BEFORE we had opened these volumes, a facetious friend, who said he had just risen from their perusal, came in; and on inquiring his opinion of the work, he answered, with a grave, irresistible drollery:

"Oh! Earl Fitzwilliam and General Bourke, In the name of the Muses, who set you to work To edit our Edmund? Each idle as Turk, From 'labours in letters' disposed much to lurk. Why give us not more?—why Burke great Burke?"

We are not, however, disposed to join our agreeable friend in his estimate of the labours of the honourable persons whose names appear in the title-page; for, although the political or family revelations furnished by these pages are few, it is apparent there were few to give. Prior, in his biography, has said within a short compass nearly all that it was necessary to say, or which it was deemed proper to say. We have been informed, indeed, that he possesses additional materials not yet made public; but if these really exist, they are probably of minor importance, or connected with Burke's earlier life, rather than calculated to throw new light upon those political movements which chiefly interest the country. We may, however, ask, why the present work has been so long delayed? Forty long years and more have elapsed since it was expected; for, admitting that three, five, or seven years, were required for due digestion and preparation, still it should have come out about the beginning of the century.

Experience has long taught us to distrust the diligence of mere friends in such matters. Amateur editors, like amateur artists, actors, soldiers, sailors, or the numberless dabblers for amusement in any other calling, are rarely "up to their work." The toy pleases for a time, but by and by they slacken; afterwards the labour becomes irksome; and eventually it is put aside to await more favourable leisure or inclination, till the thing is forgotten, or recalled by memory only to be distasteful from their own want of perseverance in the pursuit. So it has been with the correspondence as well as the works of Burke. Dr. Walter King, bishop of Rochester, brought out the latter in dreadfully slow time. Lord Fitzwilliam and Sir Richard Bourke are, we fear, labourers of a similar order: one has been long occupied in corn-law or no-corn-law projects; the other probably had enough to do in governing the exportable talents of the country in the new sphere chosen for their activity in New South Wales.

Ten good years, or more, have been lost in this way; for, if our recollection be accurate, we were told, or saw some advertisement to the effect, that this identical Correspondence was then to appear.

Just so was it with the Life of Burke. The duty of biographer was allotted to his friend Dr. French Laurence, the civilian, who frequently came forward in debate in the House of Commons during the Addington administra-

tion; but politics and his profession, in the usual way, as we have said of friends, led to the postponement of the design, till death rendered it impossible. We are satisfied, however, that he never intended to enter upon it. Our authority is the late Richard (commonly called Conversation) Sharpe, to whom the task was to be turned over, as he himself told us in 1832. "We had talked of the matter seriously," said Sharpe (that is, with Dr. Laurence); "it was agreed I should do it, as his occupations were too numerous to give the necessary leisure. I actually went to Doctors' Commons by appointment in a hæckney-coach to bring away the papers; the doctor had been called unexpectedly away; the papers had not been left out; and various interruptions and avocations of both interfered to prevent the repetition of the visit till it was too late." This is another illustration of the usual course of easy-chair authors and editors. We therefore by all means recommend our celebrated friends, when they die and would live in story, to adopt a different plan. Let them eschew amateurs, and take a professional—not forgetting a few hundred pounds by way of *refresher* to the gentleman so chosen: their work will then be done well and speedily.

Strange as it may seem in the case of so great a man, year after year rolled on without the probability of a life; for the productions of McCormick and Bissett do not deserve the name; the former a compilation of slander and ignorance (for it accuses Burke of keeping a Romish priest in the house as confessor to Mrs. Burke!)—the latter a collection of common-places. Bishop King was grown old and blind, and on the verge of that great change to another existence, which all the intimate friends and associates of the great statesman had already experienced. The field was therefore open; and in 1824 appeared the Life by Prior, which had the merit of zeal, diligence, impartiality, and—not one of the least advantages—brevity; for biographers of politicians are usually so long-winded, so prone to quote speeches on all occasions, that we take up such productions as managed with the apprehension of going to sleep over them. We therefore gave it our meed of praise; and the discerning public, always happy to follow the critical opinions of the *Literary Gazette*, carried it to a third edition. Nay, the prime minister of the day (Lord Liverpool) deferring, *no doubt, to our judgment*, took it under his special protection; and we remember something of the same kind from Mr. Canning, who, in a visit to Sir Thomas Lawrence, entered into an animated disquisition on Burke and his biography, which was repeated to us with much admiration and interest. The next authentic work connected with him were his Letters to Dr. Laurence. These came out without any editor's name; and nothing communicating any new matter has since appeared until now. This short retrospect may not be useless to those who peruse this large epistolary collection.

It begins in the year 1744, just after Burke had left school for college, and extends to the period of his death in 1797—the first letter being addressed to the son of his schoolmaster

Shackleton, and the last from his grand-daughter Mary Leadbeater, in reply to one which Burke dictated to her shortly before his death; and nothing can shew his heart to greater advantage than the continued attachment to these humbler friends of his youth amid a life of so much political labour and tumult. There is, however, little in his earlier course that is new; for Prior, as we have intimated, had given in brief what is here something more in detail. An account of his studies (March 21, 1746-7) is, however, amusing:

"You ask me if I read? I deferred answering this question till I could say I did; which I can almost do—for this day I have shook off idleness, and begun to buckle to. I wish I could have said this to you with truth a month ago; it would have been of great advantage to me. My time was otherwise employed. Poetry, sir, nothing but poetry, could go down with me; though I have read more than wrote. So you see I am far gone in the poetical madness, which I can hardly master; as, indeed, all my studies have rather proceeded from sallies of passion than from the preference of sound reason; and, like the nature of all other natural appetites, have been very violent for a season, and very soon cooled, and quite absorbed in the succeeding. I have often thought it a humorous consideration to observe, and sum up, all the madness of this kind I have fallen into this two years past. First I was greatly taken with natural philosophy; which, while I should have given my mind to logic, employed me incessantly. This I call my *furor mathematicus*. But this worked off as soon as I began to read it in the college—as men by repletion cast off their stomachs all they have eaten. Then I turned back to logic and metaphysics. Here I remained a good while, and with much pleasure, and this was my *furor logicus*; a disease very common in the days of ignorance, and very uncommon in these enlightened times. Next succeeded the *furor historicus*, which also had its day, but is now no more, being entirely absorbed in the *furor poeticus*, which (as skilful physicians assure me) is as difficultly cured as a disease very nearly akin to it, namely, the itch. Nay, the Hippocrates of poets says so expressly, 'tenet insanabile multos scribendi cacoethes.'"

The conclusion of his college-life, his entry at the Middle Temple, various journeys in England to country towns for summer residence, the study of the law, and more attractive literary labours, including the "Imitation of Lord Bolingbroke" and the "Essay on the Sublime and Beautiful," occupied him till about 1759. This seems to have been his first entry into politics: the occasion was a connexion with the celebrated Single-speech Hamilton, as "the friend and companion of his studies." Prior has given us a sketch of that gentleman, the only one we remember to have seen, and also told the story of his procuring a pension for Burke after some years' service with him, and resuming it because the latter would not consent to be his servant for life. Nothing in political history is more remarkable than Hamilton sitting on the opposite benches of the House of Commons for thirty years, and never once venturing to open his mouth after acquiring a cer-

tain reputation, while his former and discarded friend was speaking every night, and laying the foundation of an imperishable name. No further particulars of the quarrel transpire here than what we know; but two of the letters are worth giving—the first from Hamilton to Burke, the second the reply.

" Dear sir,—My servant has this moment informed me of your kindness in calling upon me—for which I consider myself as extremely obliged to you. I am persuaded you will do me the justice to believe, when I assure you most sincerely and upon my honour, that my wishing (independent of very particular business) to decline the pleasure of seeing you this morning is founded upon reasons which, though extremely mortifying to myself, are in no way disrespectful to you. The lively sense I entertain of your unkindness, and the very humble one I entertain of my own command of temper, make me unwilling to hazard even a possibility that any thing may pass between us which would endanger a friendship I have, for many reasons, looked upon as so very valuable, and particularly because I concluded it would be so very lasting. I am apt to believe that the disagreement between us is already sufficiently difficult, and I should be sorry to make it impossible to be reconciled. Whenever any thing occurs, on which I may wish to have the pleasure of conversing with you, I shall so far presume upon the indulgence you are pleased to allow me, as to take the liberty of troubling you.—I am, dear sir, your most obedient and faithful humble servant,

" WILLIAM GERARD HAMILTON."

" Dear sir,—Your letter, which I received about four o'clock yesterday, seemed not to have been written with an intention of being answered. However, on considering the matter this morning, I thought it respectful to you, and, in a manner, necessary to myself, to say something to those heavy charges which you have made against me in our last conversations, and which, with a polite acrimony in the expression, you have thought proper to repeat in your letter. I should, indeed, be extremely unhappy if I felt any consciousness at all of that unkindness, of which you have so lively a sense. In the six years during which I have had the honour of being connected with you, I do not know that I have given you one just occasion of complaint; and if all things have not succeeded every way to your wishes, I may appeal to your own equity and candour, whether the failure was owing to any thing wrong in my advice, or inattention in my conduct; I can honestly affirm, and your heart will not contradict me, that in all cases I preferred your interest to my own. I made you, and not myself, the first object in every deliberation. I studied your advancement, your fortune, and your reputation, in every thing, with zeal and earnestness; and sometimes with an anxiety which has made many of my hours miserable. Nobody could be more ready than I was to acknowledge the obligations I had to you; and if I thought, as in some instances I did, and do still think, I had cause of dissatisfaction, I never expressed it to others, or made yourself uneasy about them. I acted in every respect with a fidelity which, I trust, cannot be impeached. If there be any part of my conduct in life upon which I can look with entire satisfaction, it is my behaviour with regard to you. So far as to the past: with regard to the present, what is that unkindness and misbehaviour of which you complain? My heart is full of friendship to you; and is there a single point which the best and most intelligent men have fixed as a proof of friend-

ship and gratitude in which I have been deficient, or in which I threaten a failure? What you blame is only this; that I will not consent to bind myself to you, for no less a term than my whole life, in a sort of domestic situation, for a consideration to be taken out of your private fortune; that is, to circumscribe my hopes, to give up even the possibility of liberty, and absolutely to annihilate myself for ever. I beseech you, is the demand or the refusal the act of unkindness? If ever such a test of friendship was proposed, in any instance, to any man living, I admit that my conduct has been unkind; and, if you please, ungrateful. If I had accepted your kind offers, and afterwards refused to abide by the condition you annex to them, you then would have had a good right to tax me with unkindness. But what have I done, at the end of a very long—however I confess unprofitable—service, but to prefer my own liberty to the offers of advantage you are pleased to make me; and, at the same time, to tender you the continuance of those services (upon which partiality alone induces you to set any value) in the most disinterested manner, as far as I can do it, consistent with that freedom to which, for a long time, I have determined to sacrifice every consideration; and which I never gave you the slightest assurance that I had any intention to surrender; whatever my private resolves may have been in case an event had happened, which (so far as concerns myself) I rejoice never to have taken place? You are kind enough to say, that you looked upon my friendship as valuable; but hint that it has not been lasting. I really do not know when, and by what act, I broke it off. I should be wicked and mad to do it; unless you call that a lasting friendship, which all mankind would call a settled servitude, and which no ingenuity can distinguish from it. Once more, put yourself in my situation, and judge for me. If I have spoken too strongly, you will be so good to pardon a man on his defence, in one of the nicest questions to mind that has any feeling. I meant to speak fully, not to offend. I am not used to defend my conduct; nor do I intend, for the future, to fall into so bad a habit. I have been warmed to it by the imputation you threw on me; as if I deserted you on account solely of your want of success. On this, however, I shall say nothing, because perhaps I should grow still warmer; and I would not drop one loose word which might mark the least disrespect, and hurt a friendship which has been, and I flatter myself will be, a satisfaction and an honour to me. I beseech you that you will judge of me with a little impartiality and temper. I hope I have said nothing in our last interview which could urge you to the passion you speak of. If any thing fell which was strong in the expression, I believe it was from you, and not from me, and it is right that I should bear more than I then heard. I said nothing, but what I took the liberty of mentioning to you a year ago, in Dublin; I gave you no reason to think I had made any change in my resolution. We, notwithstanding, have ever since, until within these few days, proceeded as usual. Permit me to do so again. No man living can have a higher veneration than I have for your abilities; or can set a higher value on your friendship, as a great private satisfaction, and a very honourable distinction. I am much obliged to you for the favour you intend me, in sending to me in three or four days (if you do not send sooner); when you have had time to consider this matter coolly. I will again call at your door, and hope to be admitted; I beg it, and entreat it.

At the same time do justice to the single motive which I have for desiring this favour, and desiring it in this manner. I have not wrote all this tiresome matter in hopes of bringing on an altercation in writing, which you are so good to me as to decline personally; and which, in either way, I am most solicitous to shun. What I say is, on reviewing it, little more than I have laid before you in another manner. It certainly requires no answer. I ask pardon for my prolixity, which my anxiety to stand well in your opinion has caused.—I am, with great truth, your most affectionate and most obliged humble servant,

" EDM. BURKE."

Hamilton certainly must have been a person of strange character, if the account of him by Burke, given at this moment to their mutual friend Mr. Hely Hutchinson, father of Lord Donoughmore, be near the truth. That it was so, there seems internal evidence, independent of stating the facts to his (Hamilton's) friend, though in a tone of no small indignation.

" Dear sir,—It is so necessary for me to apologise for my long silence, and I am so unable to satisfy even my own ideas with any apology I can make, that I have twenty times begun to write, and as often desisted from my undertaking. The truth is, a certain awkwardness, arising from some late events, has added a good deal to my difficulties on this occasion. To write upon mere matters of indifference, when the very turning of my thoughts towards you filled my mind with those that were very interesting, would have given my letter an air of coldness and constraint very foreign from my natural manner, and very unlike the style in which I should always wish to converse with you. On the other hand, if my letter were to go impressed with the genuine feeling of my heart when it was full of resentment—and of resentment which had for its most just object one with whom I suppose you live in confidence and friendship, it might have had an appearance of disrespect; an appearance as contrary to the real sense I have of the honour you do me by your friendship, as any air of reserve would be to that openness and candour which, I suppose, first recommended me to your regard, and which, I am sure, can alone make me worthy the continuance of it. On some deliberation, I think the safer course is to speak my mind freely; for, as Mr. Hamilton's calumnies (circulated by agents worthy of him) made it necessary for me to open myself to others, it might seem some sort of distrust of your equity, or my own innocence, if I held back from you, who know both the parties, and do not want sagacity to look into their true characters. I do not expect that you should honour me with an answer to this part of my letter, because a neutrality is all I can in reason expect; and, on this subject, I am perhaps less reasonable than I wish to be thought upon others; nothing less than whole approbation being sufficient to content me, and I can construe silence into what I please. You are already apprised, by what Mr. H. has himself caused to be reported, that he has attempted to make a property—a piece of household goods of me; an attempt, in my poor opinion, as contrary to discretion as it is to justice; for he would fain have had a slave, which, as it is a being of no dignity, so it can be of very little real utility to its owner; and he refused to have a faithful friend, which is a creature of some rank, and (in whatever subject) no trivial or useless acquisition. But in this he is to be excused; for with as sharp and apprehensive parts, in many respects, as any man

living, he never in reality did comprehend, even in theory, what friendship or affection was; being, as far as I was capable of observing, totally destitute of either friendship or enmity, but rather inclined to respect those who treat him ill. In spite of some knowledge and feeling of this part of his character, but actuated by a sense of what is owing to close connexion, (upon whatsoever principles it might have been entered into,) how faithful, how attached, and how zealous I have been to him you were yourself, in part, a witness; and though you could be so only in part, yet this was enough, I flatter myself, to let you see that I deserved to be considered in another manner than as one of Mr. H.'s cattle, or as a piece of his household stuff. Six of the best years of my life he took me from every pursuit of literary reputation, or of improvement of my fortune. In that time he made his own fortune (a very great one), and he has also taken to himself the very little one which I had made. In all this time, you may easily conceive how much I felt at seeing myself left behind by almost all my contemporaries. There never was a season more favourable for any man who chose to enter into the career of public life; and I think I am not guilty of ostentation, in supposing my own moral character, and my industry, my friends and connexions, when Mr. H. first sought my acquaintance, were not at all inferior to those of several whose fortune is, at this day, upon a very different footing from mine. I suppose that, by this, my friend Mr. Ridge has informed you of the nature of the agreement which originally subsisted between that gentleman and me. He has, I suppose, let you into the manner in which it was fulfilled upon Mr. Hamilton's side—how that gentleman shifted and shuffled with me, in order to keep me in a state of perpetual dependence; never made me an offer of indemnity for all his breaches of promise, nor even an apology, until he imagined it was probable that others were inclined to shew me more attention than he did: and then, having presumed to put a test to me which no man, not born in Africa, ever thought of taking, on my refusal, broke off all connexion with me in the most insolent manner. He, indeed, entered into two several negotiations afterwards; but both poisoned, in their first principles, by the same spirit of injustice with which he set out, in his dealing towards me. I, therefore, could never give way to his proposals. The whole ended by his possessing himself of that small reward for my services, which I since find, he had a very small share in procuring for me. After, or indeed rather during, his negotiations, he endeavoured to stain my character and injure my future fortune by every calumny his malice could suggest. This is the sum of my connexion with Mr. Hamilton. However, I am much obliged to him for having forcibly driven me from that imprisonment with him, from which, otherwise, I might never have had spirit enough to have delivered myself. This I thought it necessary to say to you, on the subject of a man with whom you still live in friendship, and with whom I have had, unfortunately, so close a connexion. You cannot think that, in using this freedom, I mean to deviate in the slightest degree from the real respect I ever entertained for your character, or from the gratitude I ought to feel for your obliging behaviour to me whilst I was in Ireland. Nobody has spoken, at all times, and in all companies, with more justice to the importance you may be of to any government, from your talents and your experience in business; and though, from my situation in life,

my opinion must be of very little consequence to your interest, it will speak for the fairness of my intentions with regard to you."

After the dissolution of the Rockingham administration, he went to Dublin to avoid solicitations to join the new ministry. From that place appears his first letter to the marquis, with so many of which, on all political subjects of the day, these volumes are occupied. His second to that nobleman, in 1767, dated from Parson's Green, gives in their usual style the political sayings and doings of the day.

"My dear lord,—I hope you have by this time got over a little of your Yorkshire bustle, after escaping so much to your credit from the bustle of Westminster. Your lordship's conduct has certainly been very honourable to yourself, and very pleasing to your friends. If we may judge from appearances, the consequences which have attended it are not very displeasing to your enemies. His majesty never was in better spirits. He has got a ministry weak and dependent; and what is better, willing to continue so. They all think they have very handsomely discharged any engagements of honour they might have had to your lordship; and, to say the truth, seem not very miserable at being rid of you. They are certainly determined to hold with the present garrison, and to make the best agreement they can amongst themselves; for this purpose they are negotiating something with Charles Townshend. Lord Bute is seldom a day out of town: I cannot find whether he confers directly and personally with the ministry, but am told he does. I saw General Conway a day or two after you left us. I never knew him talk in a more alert, firm, and decided tone. There was not the slightest trace of his usual diffidence and hesitation. He lamented your lordship's mistake in not coming into administration at this juncture. But, I declare, his conversation did, to me, more thoroughly justify your non-acceptance than any thing I had heard, either from yourself or others, on that subject, as it laid open more clearly the ideas upon which they went in treating with you. Their plan, in short, was, that your lordship, with a few only of the chief of your friends, should take offices; and that the rest should wait those vacancies which death and occasional arrangements might make in a course of time. He dwelt much upon the advantages which had attended this method of proceeding when Mr. Pitt succeeded to the old administration in 1757. Though I felt indignation enough at this comparison of times and persons, I could hardly help laughing at the notion of providing for a party upon a system which supposed the long and steady continuance of the same administration. I told him that your lordship's opinion of the duty of a leader of party was to take more care of his friends than of himself; and that the world greatly mistook you if they imagined that you would come in otherwise than *in corps*; and that after you had thought your own whole bottom too narrow, you would descend to build your administration on a foundation still narrower; and give up (for that it would be) many of your own people, in order to establish your irreconcilable enemies in those situations which had formerly enabled, and would again enable them to distress, probably to destroy you. That, beyond this, he was not less fond of a system of extermination than you were. I said a great deal, and with as much freedom as consisted with carrying on the discourse in good humour, of the power and dispositions of the Bute party, the use they had made of their power in your time, and the

formidable increase and full establishment of that power, which must be the necessary consequence of the part which our former friends in office seemed just now inclined to take. This discourse had no sort of effect. The Bute influence had lost all its terrors. An apprehension of Grenville's coming in was the ostensible objection to every thing. Much moderation towards the king's friends, and many apologies for every part of their conduct. In the end he said (I think, directly, but I am sure in effect), that as long as the Duke of Grafton thought it for his honour to stay in, he could not resign. I have troubled you with this conversation, as it seemed to me very fully to indicate the true spirit of the ministry. I am quite satisfied that if ever the court had any real intention that your lordship should come in, it was merely to office, and not to administration; to lower your character, and entirely to disunite the party. This you have escaped. All of the party who are capable of judging, and supplied with materials for it, will rejoice in your escape; but there are some who feel anxious and uneasy, as if an opportunity of getting into power had missed upon mere points of delicacy. Lord Edgecumbe wrote lately to Lord Bessborough; the Princess Amelia is down with him. He is frightened out of his wits; all his information comes from that quarter. Does not your lordship think that a word from you to set the matter to rights, as to the rupture of both negotiations, might be useful with regard to him? He is woefully impatient. You see, my lord, that by giving you so free an account of my conversation with Conway, this letter is only for yourself. Lord John Cavendish might, indeed, have given you the whole of it, as well as of his own; but I apprehend that he will have an opportunity of conveying this to your lordship before he can see you. Be so good as to present my humble respects to my Lady Rockingham; and believe me, with the truest esteem and attachment, my dear lord, ever yours,

E. BURKE.

"Hopkins has the green cloth, Lowndes's brother the excise, and Bradshaw is secretary to the treasury. Wedderburne is gone the north circuit; he told me he would wait on your lordship at Wentworth."

The following is the first that appears here of the Marquis to Burke:

"Dear Burke,—I had a letter from Lord Albermarle on Saturday night, which gives me great concern and uneasiness. It contained an unpleasing account of his health; or, indeed, I should rather say, an alarming account. He proposes to try Bath, and seems fixed upon trying another climate for winter. I have strong hopes that with a steady attention to his health, he may still get the better; but I fear from the attention he now is inclined to give, that it is a proof that he feels himself very ill. The other parts of his letter are full of that kind and warm friendship towards me, which, in the present moment, only aggravates my feelings. I have sent, by this conveyance, two letters to him. The one was written some days ago, previous to my knowing of his relapse, and is chiefly on political matters; the other is a private letter on himself. Possibly, if he is not gone to Bath, he may shew you the first letter. There is in it one matter, I think, of importance, it is in regard to what, I imagine, the Political Register's account will be, of the late negotiation. Some weeks ago a friend conveyed to me a copy of what Almon proposed to publish. If what is published is according to the sketch I have seen, I think it is a capital performance in regard to insidious perversions

and misrepresentation of facts, and equally indecent and injurious. I rather chose to say little about it, before publication; but as it will be in print (if not altered) now, I have sent for it, and wish you would look it over. The conduct upon it will be necessary for our friends' consideration. The school it must come from will appear at first sight. If Lord Albemarle is gone to Bath, I wish you would converse with Admiral Kepell upon the account; if, after you have got it, it strikes you as it does me, I think it will raise many of our friends' indignation; and that consideration makes me cautious of saying any thing about the sketch I had seen; lest the hearing that we were warm, might occasion the author or authors to suppress or lower the venom; and my imagination carries me so far, that I think the D— of B— and his friends would even agree with me and us in thinking and declaring that the publication is a most infamous and scandalous proceeding. Lord Albemarle writes me word, that he shall send me a cargo of politicks by you, which makes me hope I shall soon have the pleasure and satisfaction of seeing you. Lady Rockingham has sprained her foot with walking; but is otherwise very well. I am in very tolerable health; and ever, dear Burke, with the greatest truth and regard, your most obedient servant and friend, ROCKINGHAM."

[To be continued.]

Historic Fancies. By the Hon. G. S. Smythe, M.P. 8vo, pp. 386. London, Colburn.

The views of our Journal being literary and unbiased by politics, it may not perceive in this volume some of the attributes which have elsewhere been ascribed to it. That it is altogether worthy of the son of the Translator of Camoens, and displays not only high talent and comprehensive reading, but much thoughtfulness of mind and benevolence of heart, are its sufficient recommendations to the world at large.

On examining it critically we find many beauties and some defects, both in its general structure and the elimination of the plan. In the former there is a strange and almost inconsistent spirit of aristocratic radicalism and peculiar philanthropy; and in the latter incoherencies of connexion and imperfections of style, both being only the more noticeable on account of the author's demanding credit for unity of system, and the ambitious nature of his tone and language throughout. In his own sentiments, however, Mr. Smythe is always reconcilable; and the clashing appears to proceed from his adopting others to the supposed feeling of the characters he has portrayed. Thus Mirabeau, who is idealised and almost idolised, is made to speak as Mirabeau, not as Mr. Smythe; and Robespierre as Robespierre; and so on of the rest. To the author we willingly concede what he claims in the following passage:

"One thing only I am certain of, that I am not dishonest with myself; that it contains nothing which, in the lighter pieces, does not represent a real feeling—noting which, in those of a less trifling nature, does not at least essay to teach some lesson of mutual forbearance. Even in the worst of men I have not forgotten that there is more to love than to hate. But while I have been obliged, especially in the ballads, to adopt extreme opinions, I need scarcely say that they are not always my own. Nor, on the other hand, in borrowing the names of great men, am I presumptuous enough to suppose that I am writing as they would have done. It is rather a sense of imperfection—a

consciousness that, without the idea which their memories suggest, I should be unable to carry out some thought which in me is only a feeble tendency, but in their lives has been fulfilled. It is the same feeling which will induce a young member to cheer a sentiment which he believes, and calls his own, although he feels, as it becomes developed by an orator, that it extends farther and rises higher than his own capacity can reach."

The only instance we shall offer of indifferent style, to justify our remark, occurs at page 11. "It must also in fairness be acknowledged in favour of the French aristocracy, that it would have been impossible in any other country to have ensured out of so small a field, so limited a choice, such great and dazzling services." The exact meaning of which it takes some trouble to make out.

Of a very different strain is the annexed:

"Another aristocrat it was, who raised this practice into a science, and realised a standard of falsehood, which the Borgias were unequal to attain. That De Talleyrand, of whom it has been said that he regarded speech only as a means to conceal the thought, oaths only as stepping-stones to personal advancement; whose eulogy has been written, that he elevated 'silence into eloquence, talent into genius, experience into divination,' who exercised these rare gifts to undo every authority and betray every power which employed him, was as fine a gentleman as Voltaire. He, too, was the idol of a drawing-room. His epigrams would have been caviare to the multitude; but they were aptly seasoned to the palate of a worn-out and paradoxical society. His wit was never so brilliant as among applauding duchesses and delighted coxcombs. The monarchy, as a principle, he despised, because he despised its obligations. The people he hated, because he feared them; and the last years of his life were devoted to defeat and thwart every endeavour to enfranchise or enlighten them. I should, however, be ill understood if I were thought to censure the particular examples I have cited. It would be absurd to accuse individuals of that for which they can be only immediately to blame. It would be as idle to seek the reason of their conduct in themselves, as to lament over human nature, and mourn that men are men. Why deplore the excesses of an oppressed population? It is the tendency of misery to brutalise. Why regret the perfidy of nobles? It is the tendency of prosperity to harden. Their education and pursuits alike prepare and exact the condition which is essential to their existence. It is the very nature of an aristocracy to be sycophantic during the stability of monarchy, and perfidious during its decline. Woe to the sovereign who confided in,—woe to the people who submitted to them! I have thus endeavoured to shew, while the French aristocracy was attired in her robes of state, and decked out with all those golden presents which the Bourbons delighted to lavish on her, that she was unsound, and rotten to the core. Brilliant as was her illustration, I have not been blind to her defects. With reign after reign, which I have been considering, but a succession of glory and renown, and panegyric for the same names,—I have not repeated this, without referring to the vice which detracted from them. But the aristocracy of France is now presented to our view in a far different attitude and aspect. They have undergone a great and terrible vengeance. They have been doomed to a shameful and bitter penance. Emigration and death with the revolution,—exile and proscription with the

empire,—slight and disappointment with the restoration,—disqualification and disgrace with the July dynasty! From the moment when their fathers rode out of Paris, with the flames still smouldering beneath the ruins of the Bastille, down to this our own time, their career has been one long mortification. The sternest of moralists will admit that the retribution has been more than ample. The severest of republicans might be moved at the recollection of some among its earlier passages. It is little more than half a century ago, when fair ladies and princesses, the most winning in their manner, the most tender in their love and friendship—the most beautiful in grace and form that ever shone through a crowded drawing-room, were dragged by their hair into the street, were flung by one butcher to another with unseemly and ribald jesting, were tossed upwards to the nearest lantern there to hang, were mocked and taunted in their dying agonies—were mutilated even before life had departed, while pieces of their delicate flesh were displayed as trophies by savages, with wild dancing and ferocious song. Or perhaps a more lingering fate awaited them. There was many a daughter of a patrician race, whose whole life had been one of charity and good, the only changes of which had been from a father's house into a convent, and from a convent to a prison, and whose sole consolation there was laid in the fresh arrivals which informed her that the hour of her death and liberation must be near. Imagine the scenes before her eyes, the prayers and the oaths, the blasphemies and the tears—the contrast of vice and virtue. Here the meeting of a father and a son, who had each hoped that the other might survive. There the reproaches and the curses of some victim to his judge of the week before, now become himself a victim. Upon this side the terrible earnestness of irony with which men acted their own judgment and execution. Upon that side the blindfold game which was to shew who was to be the next to die. And these were the daily spectacles which a young maiden had to look upon, whose only ideas of mankind had been derived from the holy men to whom she had confessed, or the poor whom she had relieved."

Some of the poetry is fine and spirited, and all the production of an elegant mind. The following is nearly a cast of the prose we have quoted, and full of fire:

"*The Jacobin of Paris.*

Ho, St. Antoine! Ho, St. Antoine! thou quarter of the poor,
Arise with thy households, and pour them from
Rouse thy attics and thy garrets—rouse cellar, cell,
and cave—
Rouse over-work'd and over-tax'd, the starving and
the slave.

"Canaille!—ay, we remember it, that word of dainty scorn,
They flung us from their chariots, the high and haughty born.
Canaille, canaille!—ay, here we throng, and we will
shew to-night
How ungloved hand, with pike and brand, can help itself to right.

It was a July evening, and the summer moon shone fair,
When first the people rose in the grandeur of despair.
But not for greed, or gain, or gold, to plunder or to steal,
We spared the gorgeous Tuilleries—we level'd the
Bastile.

A little year, we met once more, yea 'canaille' met that day,
In the very heart of his Versailles, to beard the man
Cape;
And we brought him back to Paris in a measured train and slow,
And we shouted to his face for Barnave and Mirabeau.

Ho, Condé, wert thou coming, with thy truant chevaliers,
Didst thou swear they should avenge the Austrian
wanton's tears?

Ho, Artois, art thou arming, for England's ceaseless
pay,
Thy Brunswickers, and Hessians, and brigands of
Vendée?

Come, then, with every hireling, Slave, Croat, and
Cossack,
We dare your war, beware of ours—we fling you free-
dom back.

What, tyrants, did you menace us?—now tremble for
your own!

You have heard the glorious tidings of Valmy and
Argonne!

How like the Greek of olden time, who in the self-
same hour
At Platées and at Mycale twice crush'd the invader's
power,

So we had each our victory, and each our double fray,
Dumouriez with the stranger and we at the Abbaye.

Oh, but it was a glorious hour, that ne'er again may be,
It was a night of fierce delight we never more shall see!
That blood-stain'd floor, that foes' red gore, the rich
and ruddy wine,

And the strong sense, all felt within—our work it was
divine!

They knew that men were brothers, but in their lust
they trod
On the lessons of their priests and the warnings of
their God.

They knew that men were brothers, but they heeded
not the Lord.

So we taught them the great truth, anew, with fire
and with sword.

Oh, but it was a glorious hour that vengeance that we
weak'd,
When the mighty knelt for pardon and the great in
anguish shriek'd!

But we jeer'd them for their little hearts, and mock'd
their selfish fears:

For we thought the while of all their crimes, of twice
five hundred years.

He used to laugh at justice, that gay aristocrat;
He used to scoff at mercy, but he knelt to us for that.
But with untiring hate we struck, and as our victim
fell,

He heard—to hear them echo'd soon—the cries and
jests of hell.

Ho, St. Antoine, arouse thee now! Ho, brave Sep-
tembrists all,

The tocsin rings as then it rung!—arise unto its call,
For the true friend of the people and our own Père
Duchêne

Have told us they have need of the people's arms again.

For the Gironde hath turn'd traitor and the moderates
have sold

The hard-earn'd rights of Hoche's fights for promise
of Pitt's gold.

And the pedant and the upstart, as upstart only can,
Have dared deride, in letter'd pride, the plain and
working man.

What we, who burst the bondage our fathers bore so
long,

That oppression had seem'd sacred in its venerable
wrong;

What we, who have outspoken, and the whole world
obey'd,
With its princes and its monarchs on their high thrones
afraid;

What we, who broke that mighty yoke, shall we quail
before Brissot?

And shall we bow to him as lowly as he would have
us low?

And shall we learn the courtier's lisp? and shall we
cringe and sue
To the lily hand of fair Roland, like love-sick Bar-
baroux!

No; by great heaven, we have not riven the mighty
chains of old,
The state-craft, and the priest-craft, and the grandeur,
and the gold,

To be ground down by doctrines, to be crush'd by
forms and schools,

To starve upon their corn-laws, but to live upon their
rules.

No, if we must have leaders, they like ourselves shall
be,

Who have struggled and have conquer'd with single
hearts and free;

Who do not ape the noble, nor affect the noble's air,
With Talien for a Richelieu and Louvet for Voltaire.

No, we will have such leaders as the Roman tribunes
were,
Couthon, and young St. Just, and simple Robespierre.

Now glory to their garrets, it is nobler far to own,
Than the fair half-hundred palaces and the Carlo-
vingian throne.

And glory to the thousand proofs that day by day
they give
Of some great end to which they tend, those solemn
lives they live.

When the monarch and the anarch alike shall pass
away,
And morn shall break and man awake in the light of
a fairer day."

The memoir of Dumouriez, known in his
outset as Dumouriez,* is not altogether cor-
rect. He died at his lodgings in Pimlico; and
his "old age" was not so "melancholy" as Mr.
Smythe imagines (p. 231). On the contrary, he
was lively and full of anecdote, and enjoyed in-
tellectual society to the end of his existence.

The sketches of many of the leading revolu-
tionists of France are well drawn; but we do
not believe they have much interest for our
day. A very striking pamphlet, published
nearly fifty years ago, and entitled *The Twelve
Apostles of France*, gave the history of a dozen
of them, repeated by our author, and, as far as
our memory serves us, certainly not less re-
markable than their new modification.

With these notes, however, we shall take our
leave of Mr. Smythe's *Historic Fancies*, which
are recommended to attention as well by their
intrinsic worth as by their being one of the
voices of Young England, and which we may
close with the subjoined sentence touching
Robespierre:

"The moral his life presents to inferior un-
derstandings is the same which we were taught
in England by Mr. Pitt's immediate successors.
It is a public evil when clerks become ministers
and statists statesmen, when small men inherit
from the great. Mediocrity with the inspira-
tions of genius; Robespierre enforcing the vi-
sions of Rousseau—mortal in the chariot of
the sun—and the world was nearly plunged into
darkness, and civilisation retarded in her on-
ward and radiant career!"

High Life in New York. By Jonathan Slick,
Esq., of Weathersfield, Connecticut. 2 vols.
London, J. How.

Slick was a perilous name to take, and incur
all the risks of comparison; but if our author
is not a Sam, he is, to say the least, a toler-
ably entertaining Jonathan. His sketches are
rougher and coarser, and he sometimes treads
over very tender ground, and gets on without
offence. Altogether, the papers were clever
and smart newspaper articles; and though they
cannot be so effective in the volume-shape, they
are still of that class of light and laughable
literature which it is pleasant to have lying by
one to dip into in the holydays of autumn.

Mr. Jonathan represents himself as the son
of a steady deacon of the church, and a 'spon-
sible market-gardener, a great cultivator of
onions, which he sends by water to the New
York market. On one of these voyages he
acts as supercargo, and is led by circumstances
to become a contributor to *The Express* journal.
In its pages he describes all his adventures and
misadventures, his visits and entertainments,
his mistakes of the Handy-Andy kind, with a
similar readiness to help him out of his mis-
apprehensions and scrapes; and draws such
pictures of American society as are extremely
amusing, and not the less so for the Yankee
language or patois in which they are thrown off.

Writing for the press in the new world is,

according to our author's version of it, the very
reverse of what it is in the old. There it raises
the man into consequence at once—he is the
admired, the courted, the feted, the exalted;
instead of being, as with us, the ill-treated, the
feared, the disliked, and the depressed. Jona-
than accordingly starts into the position of a
lion—a literary lion—the critic of New York,
the *arbiter elegantiarum*, the dispenser of opin-
ions, the leader of the people, and almost the
ruler or presiding power of the state. So he
pretends; and in this vein the following ex-
tracts must be taken.

A cousin is a thriving speculator, and he
goes to dine with him, giving his ideas of the
company:—

"As for the men, I thought I should have
haw-hawed right out a larfin to see some of
'em; there was one chap that stood a talking
to Miss Beebe with his hair parted from the
top of his head down each side of his face, and it
hung down behind all over his coat-collar,
like a young gal's jest before she begins to
wear a comb; and there was two bunches of
hair stuck out on his upper lip right under his
nose, like a cat's whiskers when she begins to
get her back up. Every time he spoke, the
hair kinder riz up and moved about till it was
enough to make a feller crawl all over to look
at him. Think, sez I, if it wouldn't be fun to
see that varmint try to eat. If he didn't get
his victuals tangled up in that bunch of hair,
he must know how to aim all-fired straight with
his knife and fork. When I cum to look round,
there were more than a dozen chaps, rale dandy-
looking fellers, with their lips bristled out in
the same way. Think, sez I, there are some
men that would be hogs if they only had brus-
tles, as we say in Connecticut; but these chaps
needn't keep out of the gutters for want of
them, they are ready for service any time.
There were two or three ruther good-looking
chaps, that didn't let the hair grow on their
upper lips, but it come up in a pint like a let-
ter A from the tip of the chins enamest to
their mouths. These fellers had great hairy
whiskers that made them look as if they had
run all to head, like a seed-onion. I swanny,
I never did see such a set of infarnal looking
coots in all my life—a tribe of ribbed nosed
baboons would have looked ten times as much
like men; and yet they didn't seem the least
bit ashamed of themselves, but strutted round
among the gals as large as life, shewin off with
their white gloves on and white cambric hand-
kerchiefs, that I s'pose they borrowed from
their sisters, stuck into their pockets."

A dance at "the swarry":—

"Do you dance quadrilles, Mr. Slick?" sez
the black-eyed gal, as if she wanted me tu ask
her tu dance. "Wal, I don't know," sez I, "I
never tried them kind of things; but I ruther
guess I can, if you'll shew me how." With that,
I took the tip eend of her white glove between
the fingers of my yaller one, and went with her
into the middle of the room. I didn't know
what they were a going tu dance, but I warn't
much afraid, anyhow—for there warn't a chap
in all Weathersfield could beat me at a double
shuffle, or could cut so neat a pigeon-wing
without music, as I could. Wal, the music
begun, and one of the fellers that had the hair
on his lip begun to slide about with his eyes
half shut and his hands a hanging down, and
looking as doleful as if he'd jest come away
from a funeral. Did you ever see a duck swim
a mill-dam, or a hen turning up its eyes when
it's a drinking? If you have, you can git some
idee how the lazy coot danced. I thought I
should go off the handle tu see him, but the

* The ballad of the time had it:

"Then listen a while, and begar, you shall hear
The noble adventures of bold Dumouriez!"

gals all stuck out their little feet, and poked about jest in the same way. Think, sez I, when it comes my turn, I'll give you a little specimen of genuine dancing. I only wish I'd thought to put a little loose change in my pocket tu jingle, if it was only jest tu shew how well I keep step. A young lady, with her hair twisted all up with little white flowers, balanced up to me, jest as you've seen a bird walk, and then it come my turn. I took two steps for'ard, and then I cut a peeler of a pigeon-wing, and ended off with a little touch of the double shuffle, but my trousers was so plaguy tight that I couldn't make my legs rale limber, all I could du; besides, the music warn't much more like a dancing-tune than Greenbank or Old Hundred. At last I went up to the gal that was playing, and sez I, 'Look a here, jest give us something lively—Yankee Doodle, or Money Muss, or the Irish Washerwoman, or Paddy Carey. I aint a going tu twist and pucker round in this way!' With that the young fellers with the hair-lips began to push their cambric handkerchers into their mouths, and the young gals puckered up their mouths as if I'd done something tu poke fun at. But instid of sneaking off, and letting the stuck-up varmints think they'd scared me so that I darsn't dance, I felt my dander a getting up, and sez I tu myself, 'I guess I'll let 'em see that I warn't brought up in the woods to be scared at owls, any how; so I jest turned tu the black-eyed gal that was my partner, and sez I, 'Cum now, Miss, let us shew 'em how it's done;' and with that I begun tu put it down right and left like a streak of lightning. It warn't more than two minits afore I heard the gals a talking tu each other, and a saying, 'How odd—how strange—quite the eccentricity of genius—these literary lions never do any thing as other people do!—I don't wonder Miss Beebe's proud of him!' The young fellers joined in, and stopped larbin as quick as could be, the minit they begun to see how the wind was a blowing up in my quarter; and when I finished off and led the black-eyed gal tu one of the footstools, there was no eend tu the soft soddier they all put on tu me. Sez I tu myself, nothing like keeping a stiff upper lip with these stuck-up fashionables, for arter all they aint more than half sartin what's genteel and what aint. Jest then the music begun agin, and one of them tall hairy-lipped fellers got up with a purty little gal, that didn't look more than eighteen years old; and he put his white gloves on a little tighter, and then I'll be darned if he didn't begin to hug her right there afore all on us. He put one arm round her little waist jest above the hump on her back, and he took one of her hands in his'n, and then she looked up into his eyes and he looked down into hers as loving as two pussycats, and then they begun tu make cheeses on the carpet till you couldn't have told which was which. I never felt my blood bile so in all my life; it raly didn't seem decent; and if she had been a relation of mine, I'll be darned to dar-nation if I wouldn't have knocked that pesky varmint into a cocked hat in less than no time. I'd a made him glad tu eat himself up hair and all, greasy as it must a tasted, tu have got out of my way. Oh, but I was wrathy with the coot for a minit; and then says I to myself, 'I don't know as the chap's so much to blame, arter all, it's the gal's own fault; if she likes to be hugged and whirled round so afore the folks, the feller must be an allifred fool not to like it as much as she does; but, thinks I, if the gal means to git married, her bread will be all dough agin arter this, for no decent honest man would want to marry a gal arter he'd seen

her tousled about afore fifty people, by such a shote as that chap is.'

The fashion and manner of Master Jonathan may be gathered from these remarks; but we will add another characteristic acting piece of a visit from a tractarian apostle:—

"Wal, cuffly, he hadn't but jest got down stairs when somebody knocked sort of softly at the door; sez I—'Cum in.' With that the door opened, and a kind of a frosty-looking old maid, as impudent as git out, cum a sidling inter the room with a heap of tracks in her hands. She had on a darn'd old bonnet that looked like a sugar-scoop half jammed up, besides a sort of a calico frock, and a great vandyke with goose's fur all round it, that looked as dirty as if the poor goose had took a ducking in a mud puddle jest afore they skinned him. 'I ruther seem to think that you've missed your way, and got into the wrong box,' sez I, a getting up and sidling back to the winder, for she cum a poking the heap of tracks at me as independent as a militia trainer. 'Aint your name Mr. Slick?' sez she, a taking a good long squint at my pussy face,—"Mr. Jonathan Slick, of Weathersfield?" "Wal," sez I, "folks sometimes call me that ere name for want of a better, and I don't make any fuss about it, for it raly don't make much odds what they call a chap, if they don't call him late to dinner, you know, marm." "Wal," sez she, "Mr. Slick, I've heard a good deal about you, and I want to sell you one of my books." With that she gin the tracks another flourish, and sez she, "Nothing but a wish to save my country from destruction, and to enlighten human kind, would make me ask any body to buy my books, but I du think if this ere land is ever going to be reginerated, we wimmen have got to do it." "You don't say so!" sez I, and it was as much as I could du to keep from snorting out a larfing right in the critter's face; but I choked in, and sez I, "Wal, I hadn't no idee that this free land of liberty was a going to be upheld by an old maid with a handful of tee-total tracks; but it aint no use of buying them, for I've gin up smoking, and haint drunk a drop of New England rum since I treated Captain Doolittle, ever so long ago." "They aint tee-total tracks," sez she, a pussing up her mouth, and a trying to look big. "Oh, then you are a sort of a she-missionary, aint you?" sez I; "but it aint of no use—I raly don't feel tractable this morning; so you'd better go down stairs, and see if you can't reform some of them stuck-up critters there." With that she took one of the tracks out of the bundle, and poked it at me in spite of all I could du, and sez she, "I aint no missionary, nor tee-totaler, nor nothing of that sort, but I'm a free-born woman ready to die in the cause—I'm the very woman that, by my writings agin Martin Van Burin, turned the hull state of Pennsylvania agin him, and made it go for General Harrison, log cabins, and hard cider." "How you talk!" sez I, a beginning to feel my grit rise, to hear any thing in the shape of wimmen-kind talk sich eternal nonsense. "Yes," sez she, a spreading her hands and rolling up her eyes, "I gained Pennsylvania for General Harrison, and when that great state went agin Van Burin, every thing went agin him; so that, arter all, I gained the hull country—I, sir, I, by my individual pen. Tell me that wimmen can't du nothin'! just read my letter here to the president, and see how I've used him up about the navy. I was raly glad when I heard that you have got intu a political paper, Mr. Slick, for between you and I, we can make this administration tremble to its foundation; so now jest buy one of my books, and then we'll set down and put

our heads together about the state of things here in this city.' I raly couldn't but jest keep my dander from gitting up, while the etarnal humly coot was a talking. At first I tried to be perlite to her, because she was a woman; but at last, think sez I to myself, if wimmen forgit their own places, they can't blame us if we forget them too; so I jest put my hands down in my trousers' pockets, and stuck one foot for'ard, and then sez I—'Look a here, marm—if there is any criter on the face of the arth that I raly could die for, it's a true genuine woman. I don't much care whether she's harsome or humbly, so long as she understands and acts up to woman's natur; but, according to my idee, a woman's place is her own house, a tak-ing care of the children and a darning her husband's stockings. I haint nothing agin her knowing every thing that she can find time to larn; 'cause if she's married, that will make her husband take to her as a sort of a friend as well as a wife, and she'll know how to bring up her sons to be true genuine patriots and honest men. The more she knows, the more modest she ought to be; 'cause the more any body larns, the more they begin to see how much there is that they don't know nothing about, and that ought to make them feel humble. As for politics, I don't believe wimmen have any right to meddle with them, more than a cat wants trousers; and to tell you the rale genuine opinion of Jonathan Slick's heart, I don't believe there ever was a woman that ought to be respected as such, that ever took to politics; they do well enough for your sort of half wimmen, half alligators, like that darned old English critter, Miss Martineau, and Anna Royal, and some sich crazy coots as I won't say nothing about, present company being al'es excepted, you know; but I've al'es took notice that harsome gals and rale taking wimmen never get into politics; it's only them sort of she-cattle that can't get married, and are determined to git into notice for something or other, that ever take to regenerating their country, as you say. If you want a fast-rate tract-distributor, she-politician, or a leader to any of the *ante* societies, git a batch of old maids, and sort 'em out; send some on 'em up to the capitol to give lessons to members of Congress—send some more into the grog-shops with tee-total books—and a good many round among sich houses as honest wimmen don't like to be seen in; they do a darn'd sight of good, I haint no doubt; and as for them last, a man must be an etarnal coot, and fool into the bargain, if he don't think a bold face and a bundle of tracts is enough to keep any woman's character good, let her be seen going where she will. Don't you think so, marm? if I may be so bold," sez I. With that I drew my foot back, and made her a prime bow, jest to sort of mollify her a leetle—for she begun to look as mad as a March hail-storm, and it raly was curious to see how wrathy she twisted that long neck of her about under the sugar-scoop bonnet. At last she gin herself a flirt, and sez she—"Mr. Slick, you aint no gentleman." "Wal, I don't know as ever I set up for one," sez I, a larfing; "and I'll tell you what it is, marm—it sort of strikes me that you she-politic wimmen don't very often come across what you call gentlemen! They don't put on their best go-to-meeting manners only when they think the wimmen can understand 'em, no more than they put on their Sunday coats to feed the hogs in. I kinder guess that some wimmen folks that I can tell on don't ever come across gentlemen." With that she strutted up, and sez she, "Mr. Slick, you forgot that I'm a lady." "I don't know as

a chap can forgit any thing he never knew,' sez I; ' but if you ever was one, you must have forgot it yourself long afore you begun to run round the streets with politic books; and when a woman forgets herself, she can't blame me folks for not remembering better than she can.'"

A trip home enables us to shew a bit of Jonathan's rural imagery.

" I took (he says) a short cut through the orchard, and it made me feel kinder chirk to hear the robins a singing in the apple-trees, and to see the young buds busting out all over my head, and the grass a sprouting under my feet, all on it a looking fresh as a gal's lip, and greener than a hull meetin'-house full of Millerites. The peach-trees in the back yard had just begun to blow out; they warn't in full blow yet, but seemed to be kinder blushing all over at their own back'ardness; and that are old pear-tree by the well looked as if natur had shook a flour-bag all over it, and yit the old critter wasn't in full blow more than the rest on 'em. I wasn't dry, but the air smelt so tarnation sweet, and the water in the bucket, that was a little leaky, kept a falling, drop, drop, drop, down the well, so kinder tempting, that I couldn't help ketching hold of the well-pole as I went by, and, after tilting the bucket on the curb, I tipt it down and took a drink, that raly did me good."

A sectarian, called Miller, drives half the natives into despair by prophesying the world's end on a certain day; and, among the rest, Jonathan's mother, which makes him mighty wothy:

" 'Darn the old scamp to darnation!' sez I, ' it's jest got through my head what ails marm; the sneaking old varmint, he ought to be sung to death by screech owls, and knocked into the middle of next week by crippled grasshoppers!' With that I rode along, and par went hum, a looking jest as if he was ready to bust out a crying or a swearing, he didn't care which. Wal, I was purty much wombrecopped all the way to the mill—for somehow it made me feel sort of all-overish to think how near the time had come. I wasn't raly a skeered, but every thing looked pokerish all around."

The whole of this scene is well wrought out; but we hope we have given our readers taste enough of the work to induce them to seek its further amusement for themselves.

Flowers of Many Hues. Edited by F. Kempster. Manchester, G. and A. Falkner.

A GAY and flowery title-page, in chromolithography, ushers this thin but prettily ornamented quarto of original poems, by various authors, into the reading world. There are about two dozen and a half of them; and the list of contributors presents names—the one-half known, and the other half unknown, to the public. A "Banquet Song," by Miss C. Toulmin, is a spirited composition. The author of *Festus* has made a touching ballad of the story of the Venetian ring thrown into the sea to test a lover's passion; but the following "Stanzas," by Miss Isabella Varley, seem to us to be most suited for extract as an example of the poetry:

" How like I am to thee, old leaf!
We'll drop together down," &c.

EDENZER ELLIOTT.

" Thou wilt drop into the grave, old leaf,
And, blending with the soil,
Resign existence, fluttering, brief,
Death's undisputed spoil.
The spring may come with bud and bloom—
Spring may not call thee from the tomb.

Thou wilt drop into the grave, old leaf,
Earth will demand its own;
And the oak that wears thee, without grief,
Return earth's summer loan;
Then bid the light and sun adieu,
No future may thy life renew.

Thou wilt drop into the grave, old man,
And mingle with the mould;
Thou mayst linger yet a few years' span,
Soon will thy date be told;
And thy God-fashion'd form of clay
Will moulder silently away.

If the perishable part must sink
Into the silent grave,
And time will disserve her frail link,
Thou hast a soul to save;
Thou art not like the fragile leaf,
Death ushers thee to joy or grief."

The editor himself contributes some pleasing pieces; and his volume is well deserving of a place on drawing-room tables, and especially those of its native Manchester.

TOWNSEND'S MEMOIRS OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

[Second notice: conclusion.]

THE end of the season has brought forth more books worthy of remembrance than the beginning; and being thus rather overloaded with reviews which demand continuation in several *Gazettes*, we must conclude this good library work in our present No., though it deserves more.

" The parliament which met in Nov. 1640 appear to have been inoculated with as extravagant notions of their unlimited summary power as the Quixotic member who assured Coleridge that he for one would not shrink from affirming that, if the House of Commons chose to burn one of their own body in the Palace Yard, it had an inherent right and power by the constitution to do so. But, not satisfied with tyrannising over their own members, they summoned at will any subject in the realm before their arbitrary tribunal. Under pretence of broken privileges, and making whatever displeased themselves a grievance, they exercised unmitigated despotism. One Shawbridge was brought to their bar for calling Mr. Pim 'King Pim' and 'rascal'; for this offence he was fined 100*l.*, and ordered to the Gate-house till he paid. Dr. Eddie was disqualified from holding any benefice for having, among other offences, spoken words 'I hat are very scandalous words against the parliament.'

" The journals for the next few years, perturbed with wars and rumours of wars, prove that the house had no tender mercies either for their own body or for strangers. In 1642, it was resolved that a book by Sir Edward Deering, a collection of speeches, is against the honour and privileges of this house, and scandalous to the house, and shall be burnt by the common hangman; himself to be disabled from sitting, and committed to the Tower; and that a new writ shall issue. March 9, 1642, Mr. Trelawney, a member, is disabled to sit, and a new writ ordered for Plymouth, on account of words accidentally spoken out of the house. None held their heads so low as to escape the bolt of vengeance. Certain fiddlers were sent in the same year to the house of correction for singing a song against the parliament in Gracious Street. A poor man was committed to safe custody for saying, ' He never knew or heard of a parliament that did proceed so basely.' The Lords afterwards sentenced this truth-telling person to undergo a fine, the pillory, and Ne wgate, and to find sureties. In the fulness of their usurpations upon the executive, the speaker, Sir John Lenthall, received

orders to lay irons upon such prisoners in the King's Bench as shewed themselves disorderly and mutinous. Mr. Baldwin, minister of Hampstead, was committed to the Gate-house for erroneous doctrine. They sanctioned robbery by law under the guise of an ordinance. In April 1644, books to the value of 100*l.* were ordered to be delivered to Mr. Peters out of the parlour and private study of the Archbishop of Canterbury. On the same arbitrary principle of spoliation, all the books and manuscripts belonging to Edward Lord Lyttleton wherever found were directed to be bestowed upon Bulstrode Whitelocke, Esq., a member. These ordinances extended even to the taking away of life. In 1646, the Commons make an ordinance for punishing Paul Best with death by hanging for obstinate and blasphemous denial of the holy Trinity. Not a secret whisper of disaffection was permitted to escape. An attachment was voted against Mr. Wootton, fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, who had said 'the rebellion of the parliament was worse than the rebellion of Ireland.' He was ordered to be expelled the college, disabled as a fellow, and from ever holding any preferment, or residing in the university. The Commons, in their vindictiveness, made war even with the tombs. It was resolved, as if in sportive despotism, 'that the monuments erected in Christ Church, Oxford, for Sir William Penyman and Sir H. Gage should be defaced and demolished, and likewise all others there scandalous or reproachful to the parliament, or the proceedings thereof.' They usurped from the king his prerogative of arbitrary commitment, and imprisoned every Englishman whom a popular member might select at his caprice. Sir William Earle having given information of some dangerous words spoken by certain persons (not named), the speaker was ordered to issue a warrant to apprehend such persons as Sir William should point out. They despoiled the Star-chamber of their power over libels, exhausted the old penalties, substituting slavery and death for mutilation, and invented new. They trampled on the privileges of the upper house, and impeached the Duke of Richmond for saying sarcastically to his brother peers, as well he might, on a proposition to adjourn, 'Why should we not adjourn for six months?' They impeached the twelve bishops for protesting against the validity of measures passed in parliament during their compulsory absence, as they had a perfect constitutional right to enter their protest, even though their exercise of it might be questioned. They suppressed the house of convocation, more ancient than their own, and fined the members for making canons, which they had full authority to make. They spurned the petitions of the people, imprisoned the petitioners who dared to vent a prayer against perpetual innovation, and spoiled their goods. One Josiah Pinnett, having presented a petition, complaining that Sir Arthur Haslerig had violently dispossessed him of some collieries, the house, after voting every part of the petition to be false, adjudged him to pay a fine of 300*l.* to the commonweal, and 200*l.* more to the lucky knight, who led a dominant party of puritans in the house. The council of 300 never committed more wanton excesses of tyranny: the sceptre of the most imperious Tudor who strode over the rights of Englishmen never weighed so heavily as the sergeant's mace of the long parliament: more exacting in their demands of tribute-money than the Norman, at least as irrespective of chartered liberties as the Stuarts. 'These were your gods, O Israel!'

The following refers to a famous man, and to others connected with the press—thank heaven, in other days than ours!

The church of England was engaged in a perpetual struggle during the reign of William for protection, and in that of Anne for supremacy. Soon after the accession of that nursing mother of the church, when a Tory legislature strove to put down the scandal of occasional conformity, the celebrated De Foe wrote an ironical treatise, 'The Shortest Way with Dissenters,' arguing, with pretended gravity, that a system of extermination was the best. The house, we are assured, was at first completely bit by this clever banter, caricaturing their own violence; but seemed kindled to fury when awakened to a sense of the railiery that had been passed upon them. The libeller fled, to escape the terrible consequences of their anger. They prayed the queen to proclaim a reward for his apprehension; and, in accordance with their petition, the following description of his person was inserted in the 'London Gazette': 'Jan. 10, 1702-3: St. James's Palace. Whereas Daniel De Foe, alias De Foe, is charged with writing a scandalous and seditious pamphlet, entitled "The Shortest Way with the Dissenters." He is a middle-size spare man, about forty years old; of a brown complexion, and dark brown-coloured hair, but wears a wig; a hooked nose, a sharp chin, grey eyes, and a large mole near his mouth; was born in London, and for many years was a hose-factor in Freeman's Yard in Cornhill, and now is owner of the brick and pantile works near Tilbury Fort, in Essex. Whoever shall discover the said Daniel De Foe to one of her majesty's principal secretaries of state, or any of her majesty's justices of the peace, so as he may be apprehended, shall have a reward of 50/-, which her majesty has ordered immediately to be paid upon such discovery.' Who could recognise, in the late hose-factor and proprietor of pantiles, the inventor of a new world in Robinson's Crusoe's Island—the vivid painter of death in his 'History of the Plague'—the great magician of the heart in exciting wonder and pity! But had his genius been as great as Milton's, on whom the prison of the house formerly closed its gates, it would not have saved the hunted libeller from his prosecutors. The attorney-general instituted a prosecution by the command of the Commons, and poor De Foe was, among other punishments, sentenced to the pillory, to which he afterwards wrote an ode, replete with rugged rhymes and sentiments of masculine courage. The best excuse that could be urged, were excuse admissible for so cruel an indignity, passed in a literary age upon a man of such attainments, was his own graphic description of the intolerable height to which the trade of libelling had advanced:—'Nor do we fight with clubs, as at Marlow; or with swords and staves, as at Coventry; with stones and brickbats, as at —; but we fight with the poison of the tongue; with words that speak like the piercing of a sword; with the gall of envy, the venom of slander, the foam of malice, and the venom of reproach; bitter revilings, insufferable taunts, injurious backbitings, and unmanly railings.'

A rival pamphleteer, Tutchin, who conducted with much ability a weekly periodical called 'The Observor,' having incurred the displeasure of the house by his strictures on the bill for suppressing occasional conformity, was prosecuted at their command to conviction, and sentenced to be whipped by the common hangman. Pope, in his 'Dunciad,' alludes to this shameful punishment with inhuman glee,

in a line far more disgraceful to the scoffing scribe than to the sufferer:

'And Tutchin flagrant from the scourge below.'

All dabblers in newspapers, whether editors or occasional contributors, each in his turn kissed the rod. Dr. Welwood, the editor of 'Mercurius Rusticus'; Dyer, the conductor of the 'News-letter'; Fogg, the proprietor of 'Fogg's Journal,' afterwards called by a punning continuation 'Mist's Journal,' received unwelcome visits from the sergeant-at-arms, were doomed to express contrition on their knees at the bar of the house, and often to expiate their offence without pen, ink, or paper, in the Gate-house, or in Newgate. Within the sacred precincts of St. Stephen's, certainly, the liberty of the press had neither 'a local habitation nor a name,' even benefit of clergy was not allowed to the divine, who, whether asserting the transcendental rights of his church, or promulgating the visionary chimeras of the closet, or confounding schismatics, found himself involved, he knew not how, in the meshes of privilege.'

To conclude these selections:

"When Charles II., by virtue of his prerogative, added two members to Newark, the house looked coldly upon strangers indebted for their seats to the favour of the crown. In consequence of this growing jealousy of the prerogative, that sagacious monarch waved all further additions to a body for which he had no paternal fondness. He would much rather have decimated their ranks, and changed a host of mutineers into an army of martyrs. The only two occasions on which the number of the representatives was afterwards multiplied was on the union of the two sister countries, when there came, not relays of two or three, but whole battalions: in 1706, forty-five Scottish, and in 1800 no fewer than one hundred Irish, members. The Scottish recruits acquitted themselves for the most part *cannily*, and proved an effective, though silent, ministerial cohort. The Irish, on the contrary, have added far beyond their relative proportion to the length and frequency, not less than to the eloquence, and fervour, of debates. Reversing all methods of former computation, eight out of ten have actually proved speaking members. The number still preserved of 658 would be far too unwieldy for deliberation and debate, were there a constant and punctual attendance, and might form a fair excuse for those worthy gentlemen, accustomed *de pedibus ire in sententiam*, to abstain from the crowded floor or gallery till the very moment of division. The earliest measures taken for enforcing a punctual attendance of members appear to have been most stringent and effective. The knights for the counties of Gloucester and Oxford (50 Edw. III.) were not allowed their wages, for the simple reason bluntly stated, 'because they neglected their work.' An old statute declared the law and custom of parliament to be, 'That no members have writs to levy their expenses but those who stayed to the end of the session, such only excepted who had license to depart, who should have their expenses down to the time of departure, provided they returned to the performance of their duties. This loss was accounted a great disparagement, yea punishment, in former times, making them contemptible in the counties and cities for which they served.' The burgesses, however, appear to have had, and to have exercised, a more free license of attending, their presence or absence not being deemed a matter that required much consideration. Mr. Hallam thinks it highly probable that a great part of

those elected for the boroughs did not trouble themselves with attending in parliament. The small number of writs for expenses of boroughs collected by Prynne, whilst those for knights of the shire are almost complete, lead to a strong presumption that their attendance was very defective. Sometimes an elected burgess absolutely refused to go, sometimes he crossed the seas from Calais, there being one instance, and only one, of wages allowed to the representatives of the French city. When wages went out of fashion, fines came in their stead. Several members having seceded in the reign of Philip and Mary, to avoid joining in the penal legislation which sought to extirpate Protestantism by fire and sword, a criminal information was filed against them in the Queen's Bench, to which some submitted, and were fined; the rest traversed, and escaped judgment by the queen's death. Coke has preserved a list of their names, thirty-seven in all, as patriots; but true patriotism does not consist with deserting the post of duty."

And thus ends the volume with a lament over the old house, burnt down on the 16th October, 1834:

"On that floor the mighty Burke—great even in his failures—threw down the dagger, a specimen of the presents which French fraternity was preparing for his countrymen. There Castlereagh walked proudly up the house amid loud huzzahs, with the treaty of peace, signed at Paris, in his hand. There Canning called the new world into existence, that he might redress the balance of the old. By the table in that chapel, afterwards stained with Percival's blood, the brow of the boldest warrior has grown pale as he stood up to receive the thanks of the house, and with trembling voice stammered forth his gratitude. Blake, and Albermarle, and Schomberg, Marlborough, and a greater even than that proud captain, the hero of a hundred fights, the Duke of Wellington, have drunk in there the pealing applause which heralded Westminster Abbey. At that bar the proudest of England's peers have bent the head to deprecate the Commons' vengeance; the governor of millions—the ministers of state—have there bowed the knee, and in their impeachment confessed the grandeur of the great national inquest. There the noblest sons of genius—Bacon, and Newton, and Wren, Addison, Gibbon, Mitford, have sat 'mute but not inglorious.' There Oglethorpe taught the lesson of humanity to inspect our prisons, and Meredith and Romilly pleaded, against capital punishments, that criminals still were men. Those walls have rung with the shout of triumph as the slave-trade went down in its iniquity. Peals of laughter have awakened the echoes of that chamber to generations of wits—Martin, and Coventry, Charles Townshend, and Sheridan, and Canning. The hollow murmurs of sympathy have there rung back the funeral tribute to the elder and younger Pitt, to Grenville and Horner, to that eloquent orator, conspicuous among his countrymen, Grattan, who in his dying hour there poured forth his soul. What exhilarating cheers, the only rewards to St. John, for those lost orations which have perished for ever, have there rewarded the efforts of Pitt and Fox as they sunk back exhausted! The forgotten oratory of that chamber would more than balance all that is recorded. Magnificent as the new building may be,—adorned with paintings, and embellished with trophies of our progress in the arts, far more convenient than the old chamber—in splendour not to be compared—the palace of senators, and not the mere hall,—it can never

rival in the mind's eye that humbler room, empanelled with living memories, blazoned with illustrations of the past. The cloud of light, which filled the old temple with the glory of the Presence, far more than transcended the vivid splendours of the new. Though the rising structure cannot be for centuries what St. Stephen's Chapel has been, it will stand, we may rest assured, as the former house, the classical sanctuary of Britain's intellectual greatness, the chosen palladium of her proudest attributes—freedom, and eloquence."

Evenings of a Working Man; being the Occupation of his scanty Leisure. By John Owers.

With a Preface relative to the Author, by C. Dickens. Pp. 205. London, T. Newby. The fine character drawn of this working man by Mr. Dickens (see preface, page x.) is the best key to the publication. The benevolent feelings of the preface-writer are in this instance (as in many others) a-head of his judgment. John Owers must interest us in the case of an enthusiast in lamentable circumstances; but his literature cannot be supported as exemplary either in his own class or any other.

A New Decimal System of Money, Weights, Measures, and Time. By Decimus Maslen, Esq. 8vo, pp. 143. Smith, Elder, and Co.

Arithmetic of Annuities and Life Assurance. By E. Baylis, Actuary of the Anchor Life Assurance Company. 8vo, pp. 97. Longmans. The first of these works earnestly recommends the adoption of the decimal system, not only in England, but throughout the world; but though the reasoning is all on the side of Mr. Maslen, we fear the existing state of things must prevent his plan from ever being carried into execution.

The second is an able series of calculations, in which all those questions of value which affect annuities and life-insurances are treated with great skill and knowledge. The results are made as clear as simple arithmetic; and we consider the book to be a very useful one.

An Outline of the various Social Systems and Communities which have been founded on the Principle of Co-operation, &c. 12mo, pp. 252. Longman and Co.

A RETROSPECTIVE account of most of the striking philosophical visions with which men have fancied they could alter the nature of man, remodel the universe, and make Arcadias in Lapland, or Utopias any where. There is, however, much of curious speculation in these attempts to reform and amend society by means of establishments of mutual co-operation and perfect disinterestedness; and the volume will in this light reward the pains of a reading.

The Meditations of M. A. Antoninus, with the Manual of Epictetus, and a Summary of Christian Morality. Freely translated from the Greek by H. McCormac, M.D. Pp. 126. Longman and Co.

Too freely translated; for there are many escapes from the original texts which no freedom can excuse. Dr. McCormac must bestow more pains on his work to make it what it ought to be—the faithful rendering of writings well worthy of being read.

A Few Reverential Thoughts on the essential Nature of Jesus Christ. Pp. 79. Longmans. A DEEP theological disquisition, strongly anti-Calvinistic and also anti-Judaic. The gist of a multitude of textual quotations is to show that the essential nature or specific character of Christ is a sacred mystery, which Christians

ought not to perplex themselves with endeavouring to solve.

Life and Poetical Remains of Margaret M. Davidson. By Washington Irving. Pp. 350. London, Bogue.

The Memoir of Lucretia Davidson, the Sister of Margaret.

THESE two interesting and pathetic volumes have lain too long before us without public notice. At this late hour, therefore, we shall only say, they are worthy of the heart of Washington Irving, and will be a lasting memorial of two fair beings, apparently too finely framed in body and soul to be destined for a stay on this earth beyond the period of youth's pure innocence. Their literary remains, their poetry, and their piety, entitle them to a memory among those natives of America whose exemplary lives will "smell sweet and blossom in the dust."

The Governess: a Guide to Service. Pp. 263. C. Knight.

A GREAT quantity of detailed advice and guidance for persons entering upon the arduous duties of governesses in families. There is much sterling and valuable matter; but we meet with some remarks in which we cannot coincide, and illustrations we do not approve. It is, however, a volume to be read with advantage, and especially by those concerned in the upbringing of youth.

Records of Israel. By Grace Aguilar. Pp. 139. London, J. Mortimer.

WITH a mixture of Christian and romance in her name, Grace Aguilar is known to us as the author of several pleasing works, or rather stories, in favour of Judaism, and in vindication or exaltation of the Jews and Jewish character. The present is an interesting addition to the store; and tells a tale of the expulsion of the Jews from Spain, their general firmness and sufferings, with pretended renegade exceptions, and traits of their manners and religious feelings. The earthquake of Lisbon dramatically closes the scene; and the centuries of and present miseries of Spain are attributed to the providential retribution which the persecutions of the unhappy children of Israel entailed upon a cruel and guilty nation.

Sketches of the Reformation and Elizabethan Age: taken from the contemporary Pulpit. By the Rev. J. O. W. Haweis, M.A. 12mo, pp. 323. London, Pickering.

RICH in specimens of pulpit eloquence, this volume, without speaking of its religious tenets, may well be recommended to the English scholar as a lesson in our language, and a splendid exemplification of the depth, vigour, and comprehensiveness of thought which distinguished so many of the divines of these times. There are also many quaintnesses both in expression and ideas; and the whole offers a curious view of the reforming clergy and their hostilities to the Romish church.

Lucilla Hartley. By the Authoress of "Happy Hours with Mamma." Pp. 192. Dublin, Hardy and Sons.

EXCELLENT in precept, but vicious in some of the examples. We can suppose no good moral in favour of discipline, or any thing else, to be deducible from the story of a child who in revenge begins her career with concealing a fierce cat in a band-box instead of a new bonnet expected by her governess, like the heroine of this tale. The commission of such an act is destructive to the best lessoning that ever was taught, by way of shewing that bad discipline would create wickedness and good discipline reform it.

Joan of Arc: an Historical Tale. By a Young Lady. Pp. 204. London, Shepherd and Sutton.

GAILY mounted, but very indifferently written. It was not easy to spoil so much the tragic tale of the Maid of Orleans; but our young lady has tried to graft a new moral and some religious inculcations upon it, quite foreign to the staple, and irreconcileable with its spirit.

The Orphan of Waterloo: a Tale. By Mrs. Blackford. Pp. 233. London, J. Cundall. Forms a volume of a series called "The Holiday Library," edited by Mr. W. Hazlitt; and one of those productions which are well meant to impress moral and religious principles on youth, but with accounts of the seniors, which are as likely to convey knowledge better withheld, and make impressions of which ignorance would be bliss.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editor of the *Literary Gazette*.

SIR,—As no person has taken notice since your *Gazette*, No. 1433 (July 6) of the quadrature of the circle by Mr. Willich, and as Mr. Willich himself did not see it necessary to let your readers know the extent of the approximation which had led him to expect that he had attained the exact truth, I send you the value to 6 decimals of the square of the line described by him, namely, 0·781068, the diameter of the circle being 1; the exact truth to the same number of decimals being 0·785398. Perhaps Mr. Willich does not know that the exact truth has been attained to upwards of 150 places of decimals. In order that those who desire to amuse your readers in this way may have some notion of the task they attempt, allow me to quote the following abstract from Hutton's translation of *Recreations in Mathematics* by Montucla:

"Montucla divides those who have pursued this inquiry into two classes: the first, geometers, who, aware of the difficulty or impossibility of the problem, have not been led away by illusions, but have confined themselves to the finding out the most exact methods of approximation; the other class, those who, scarcely knowing on what principle the problem depends, have twisted and turned the circle in every direction, and have laboured, like the unfortunate Ixion, eternally rolling the heavy burden, without bringing it any nearer to its place of destination. When one error is pointed out to them, they soon return with their propositions in a new but equally contemptible form, and unhesitatingly contest the best-established truths in the elements of geometry, appearing to believe themselves specially appointed by heaven to reveal truths to mankind, the discovery of which is withheld from the learned, that it may be bestowed on idiots."**—Yours, &c.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

FORMATION OF SUB-MARINE AND OTHER FOUNDATIONS BY PNEUMATIC POWER.

DR. RYAN's present lectures at the Polytechnic Institution, besides those on explosive compounds, suggested and rendered popular by Capt. Warner's recent exploit, are descriptive of Dr. Potts's patent for certain improvements in the construction of piers, embankments, breakwaters, and other similar structures. Dr. Potts proposes to substitute pneumatic power for manual labour. He uses hollow

iron tubes as piles. The lower extremity of the pile is open, and it is placed in a vertical position upon the spot on which the structure is to be reared. To the upper extremity of this tube or pile is affixed an air-tight cap, with a flexible tube of jointed metal or elastic hose, called the "proboscis," extending to a close receiver from which the air is extracted by the air-pump, or any of the modes effectual in producing "suction." When the air within the receiver, the connecting tubes, and the hollow pile, becomes sufficiently attenuated, a mixed body of sand or mud and water flows up through the pile into the receiver; and as often as this is filled, the contents are discharged through a valve at the bottom. As the sand or mud thus rises in the pile, the pressure of the atmosphere being removed from its interior, the pile descends by its own weight and the external pressure of the atmosphere, the rapidity of descent being proportioned to the degree of exhausting power applied, and the supply of water from beneath. Several experiments were made by the lecturer, assisted by Dr. Potts, which shewed that the pile could be made to descend with very considerable rapidity in loose materials, such as sand and shingle; and it was stated that provision was made in the apparatus for disturbing and bringing under its operation materials of greater tenacity and bulk, such as large boulders, &c. Dr. Potts's attention was first directed to the subject by observing the structures of the coral insect, and in the details he has imitated nature by copying the construction of that beautiful shell-fish the *nautilus pompilius*. He proposes, for example, in the case of the erection of a breakwater or light-house, to use a cassoon, or, as he terms it, a "siphunculus," composed of a series of tubes forming a ring, confined together by hoops and bolts, and which, on the principle of the *nautilus*, may be elevated or depressed at pleasure, by the introduction of water into the internal chambers. The piles once sunk, Dr. Potts intends to form a mass of concrete, by the use of Roman cement, Medway mud, and other similar substances, hardened by means of an hydraulic pump. Should the invention be found efficient in practice, it will certainly make a great improvement on the present laborious and tedious mode of driving piles by the iron weight or "monkey." At all events, the applicability of pneumatic power in this manner is a very beautiful discovery. It is, we believe, now under the consideration of the commissioners for the construction of harbours of refuge round the coast.

College of Civil Engineers, Putney.—Yesterday week the annual examination of this valuable institution took place; the Hon. R. E. Howard presiding; and H. R. H. the Duke of Cambridge, and many distinguished persons, being also present. The Rev. Mr. Page read a highly favourable report of the progress made during the year, and of the successful course which had been opened in life for the pupils who had finished their education in the college. The prizes were then presented to the most meritorious students. The Duke of Cambridge addressed them in the most encouraging manner; and after enjoying a stroll through the grounds (with the fine weather), and a handsome déjeuner with Mr. Page, the company departed, entirely pleased with the conduct and advance of the establishment.

College of Chemistry.—Our attention has been directed to a proposal for the establishment of

a College of Chemistry; a school where not only practical and systematic instruction may be given to students in qualitative and quantitative analysis, but where original researches may be conducted in concert by several individuals skilled in manipulation. When we consider how intimately bound up chemistry is with the prosperity of commerce, and how essential it is to the advancement of agriculture, arts, manufactures, and medicine, it is a matter of surprise that a British practical school for promoting the science and its application has not been ere now instituted. The present proposal proceeds from an illustrious and influential provisional council (the Duke of Wellington at the head), who we trust will give more than their names to the carrying it out. The institution "is intended to embrace, 1st. 'A laboratory' (as designed by Sir H. Davy) for original investigations, and for extending the boundaries of this most important national science, on the model of the Giessen laboratory, 2d. 'A college' for the instruction of students in analysis and scientific research, upon such terms as to encourage young men of talent and scientific taste to apply themselves to chemistry, and for qualifying public lecturers and teachers. 3d. Departments for the application of chemistry to especial purposes, as agriculture, geology, and mineralogy, by the analysis of soils, rocks, &c.; to medicine, physiology, and the artg. 4th. The employment of such means as may appear expedient to the council for encouraging and facilitating the pursuit of scientific chemistry throughout the country, and for making it a branch of general education."

ASHMOLEAN SOCIETY.

June 3.—Prof. Powell gave a notice "On elliptic polarisation." In this paper the author described a continuation of his former researches on the phenomena of elliptic polarisation, as exhibited in the modifications of polarised light reflected from metallic surfaces. In a former communication he had described observations of this kind, in which the effects had been observed as influenced by the varying thicknesses of films formed by heat, by galvanic deposition, &c., on metal plates; but only at one incidence, which was sufficient for the objects of such comparative examination. His present investigation referred to the phenomena of such reflections from a variety of simple metallic surfaces, and at all incidences, from those nearest the perpendicular to those nearest the surface, at which it was possible to observe. These results exhibit a remarkable series of changes, both for different metals and for the same metal at successive incidences, in the character of the elliptically polarised light, as evinced by the rings formed on interposing a crystal, and in the direction assumed by the branches, or the change necessary to be made in the azimuth of the plane of analysation, in order to produce the appearance analogous to the dark-centred system. The nature of these changes was exhibited in a synoptic diagram. The change in the direction of the branches, in different metals, appears to bear a relation to certain data found for those metals by Sir D. Brewster, to whose original researches (in 1830) the author referred and pointed out their connexion with the present. The undulatory theory has been since applied to the subject; and by a further generalisation of the formula to which the author referred on a former occasion, he finds that the phenomena now described may, at least in their more general features, be represented. The author also made some remarks on the present condition of the theory of light, as explained by undulations; and with respect to the real nature of the difficulties and objections which attach to it. He more particularly adverted to some errors on those points, which have appeared in the article "Undulatory Theory" in the *Penny Cyclopaedia*, vol. xxv. p. 511, 1843. The writer (among other remarks) repeats the old and often-refuted objection of the loss of half an undulation. In fact, no such extraneous hypothesis is ever made; it is a direct consequence of the theory. He also states, with respect to the dispersion, that the "only attempts" to remove the difficulty have been an hypothesis as to the action of the medium upon the ether, and another suggestion thrown out long ago conjecturally by Mr. Airy. That these are not the only attempts, appears from the existence of the various papers by M. Cauchy, Prof. Kelland, Mr. Torry, and the author of this communication. The writer adds further the somewhat extraordinary assertion, that the dispersion is satisfactorily accounted for on the corpuscular hypothesis. Unfortunately, he has not given us any reference where so desirable an investigation is to be found.

MANCHESTER GEOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

We some time since received the fifth annual report of the Manchester Geological Society; from which it appears that it is in a highly prosperous condition, as well as in what concerns its funds as in its scientific labours. The council regrets that the society has not yet succeeded in bringing together the coal-masters of the very valuable coal-field of which Manchester is the centre, for the purpose of discussing the

many highly interesting phenomena which it presents. The report also alludes cursorily to the want of a school of mines in Great Britain, almost the only civilised country without such, and which yet owes its riches and prosperity more to its mines than to any other resource. We have often on this subject called attention to the fact, that on the continent the scientific attachés of the national museums act as curators and lecturers for about one half the remuneration given by our Museum for mere curators and sub-curators.

The report further contains abstracts of papers read before the society; among which is a paper by Mr. G. W. Ormerod on the salt-field of Cheshire, the origin of which he attributes to the result of volcanic action, which had impregnated neighbouring lagoons, and formed the aqueous menstruum from which those beds were precipitated. Mr. E. W. Binney has contributed a very carefully collected number of facts connected with the Lancashire and Cheshire drift. Mr. Harkness is a gentleman whose imagination is full of arctic glaciers covering the British Isles, and huge icebergs advancing into its bays. The analysis given of Dr. Black's memoir on the submerged forests of Great Britain is too brief to enable us to form an opinion as to the number of data on which he found his deductions. The notice of petroleum found in the Down Holland mass, near Ormskirk, by Messrs. Binney and Talbot, is very interesting. The authors consider that it is produced by the decomposition of the upper bed of peat under the sand; and this view is corroborated by the fact that all the Persian and Mesopotamian naphtha and petroleum springs issue from beneath arenaceous beds; and that the operation by which the petroleum is produced is, chemically speaking, identical with that of slow combustion, is also evidenced by the "fire-fountains" which accompany the naphtha and petroleum springs of Kerkuk. In an able but speculative paper on the climate of the coal-epoch, Mr. Harkness adopts the theory of an uniform tropical climate over the whole surface of the globe at that period, and combats its connexion with central heat; but it does not appear that this latter theory at all implies that there should then have been no solar light; nor does its present and well-attested existence necessitate the melting of arctic ices. There are subterranean lines of perpetual congelation as well as superficial ones, and still an increase of temperature from above below; but in proportion as the line of perpetual congelation descends below the surface, so is the mean annual temperature of the surface at that place below the freezing point. Admitting the highly carbonised atmosphere of Ad. Brongniart, Mr. H. says the density of the atmosphere would be greater than at present, and so would also the refractive power, and it would thus have been more pervious to solar heat; the atmosphere would also have been less lucid, and its capacity for heat thereby increased. The author thinks the existence of an equable climate is farther shewn by the want of concentric rings in such coal-plants as retain traces of internal structure.

LITERARY AND LEARNED.

UNIVERSITY INTELLIGENCE.

OXFORD, July 3.—The Rev. F. Hessey, fellow of St. John's College, was admitted to the degree of Doctor in Civil Law.

CAMBRIDGE, June 29.—The following degrees were conferred:—

Bachelor in the Civil Law.—W. M. Bruton, St. Peter's College.

Ad eundem.—E. Bosanquet, M.A., Corpus Christi College, Oxford; T. Shadforth, M.A., Univ. College, Oxford.

July 1.—The following degrees were conferred:—
Bachelor in Divinity.—Rev. J. W. Donaldson, Trin. College.

Bachelor in Physic.—R. F. Burman, Caius College.
Bachelor of Arts.—J. G. Gordon, incorporate from Dublin.

Ad eundem.—J. Adams, M.A., Trin. Coll., Dublin; S. H. Knapp, M.A., Merton College, Oxford; E. R. Jones, M.A., Brasenose College, Oxford; C. R. Tate, M.A., Corpus Christi College, Oxford.

Ds. Byers, of Christ's College, and Ds. Birch, of King's College, also recited their prize-essays.

July 2.—Commencement day, the following Doctors and Masters were created:—

Doctors in Divinity.—Rev. W. Whewell, master of Trinity College; Rev. J. Davies, Queen's Coll.; Rev. T. Robinson, Trinity College; Rev. L. Stephenson, St. John's Coll.; Rev. R. J. Waters, Christ's College.
Doctors in the Civil Law.—Rev. E. C. Brewer, Trinity Hall; Rev. J. Vaughan, St. John's College.

Doctors in Physic.—R. G. Latham, King's College; F. K. Fox, C. J. Fox, C. Storer, St. John's College; E. Williams, Queen's College.

Masters of Arts.—E. Balston, R. W. Essington, J. W. Hawtrey, F. E. Long, R. H. Tuck, R. Williams, J. E. Yonge, King's College; J. A. Beaumont, J. Bevan, J. Bickerdike, G. D. Bland, C. P. Buckworth, H. Bush, R. J. Bussell, W. E. Cattley, W. Cockburn, E. M. Cope, E. H. J. Cranford, F. Currie, G. H. Drew, F. W. Ellis, W. H. Empson, J. Fenton, W. C. R. Flint, O. T. C. Harrison, U. Heathcote, A. J. B. Hope, R. C. Jenkins, W. Jennings, H. C. Jones, L. Jones, R. P. Jones, C. Lawford, H. T. Lee, W. G. J. Macgregor, A. Martineau, F. R. Mills, W. H. Oliver, T. C. Paris, T. G. Parker, S. G. F. Perry, G. Powell, L. Poynier, T. Preston, C. H. Ramsden, R. J. Ramsden, A. Rawson, T. P. Richardson, C. C. Roberts, W. Rushton, W. Smith, G. P. Smith, W. Smyth, A. B. Stretton, R. B. Tritton, J. C. Turnbutt, J. V. Vivian, C. S. Weir, C. H. Wilson, J. T. Wood, J. G. Young, Trinity Coll.; J. Bather, J. P. Beard, T. P. Boulthee, C. W. M. Boutflower, J. Buckner, H. J. Bull, T. W. Cawardine, P. Colquhoun, J. M. Cripps, C. J. Ellicott, R. Hibbs, D. P. M. Hulbert, O. James, W. J. Kennedy, H. Lovell, J. Miller, R. E. Monins, J. Rogers, J. W. S. Rugeley, F. B. Scott, A. H. Shawdell, J. Shelly, J. R. Stock, G. E. Tate, F. Taunton, J. W. S. Watkin, O. J. Williamson, St. John's College; J. W. Ayre, M. B. Begbie, R. W. Fitzpatrick, P. Maitland, J. G. W. Pigott, G. W. Robinson, St. Peter's College; H. F. Barnes, H. A. Hotchkin, J. W. Westhorpe, Clare Hall; T. Andrew, C. A. Halson, J. Harriss, J. H. Jeffereson, H. M'Call, J. Power, G. G. Stokes, G. S. Swansbury, J. Sykes, Pembroke College; H. C. Barker, A. Boode, W. H. Child, H. Clayton, W. V. Fowke, J. Gooch, J. N. Harrison, A. F. Jackson, J. Pearson, W. H. Yatman, Caius Coll.; C. U. Barry, Trinity Hall; C. B. Coney, H. Deck, E. L. Denys, W. Jephson, W. J. G. Loudon, W. Martin, Corpus Christi Coll.; F. J. Abbott, W. Benson, C. Blackden, R. Blanshard, C. R. Bradley, M. Cocken, W. H. Edwards, G. Eller, J. N. Gore, G. Halls, J. King, W. Mitchell, J. Patch, J. C. Rowlett, D. Shaboe, C. J. Shebbeare, Queen's College; W. M. Dudley, R. J. Hope, G. Nevile, H. Pearson, H. W. Yates, Catharine Hall; J. H. Austen, W. Braithwaite, C. J. Fisher, O. Fisher, W. Howlett, G. B. Hughes, M. James, H. Roberts, J. Winter, R. N. Wood, Jesus College; W. H. Beauchamp, D. E. Domville, J. D. Fletcher, J. S. Forbes, R. E. Harrison, W. C. Mee, J. D. Ridout, J. Spence, C. A. Swainson, Christ's College; G. F. Daniell, C. G. Flint, H. Hall, H. Thring, J. P. Tomlinson, C. B. Vale, C. Ward, P. A. L. Wood, J. S. P. Wyatt, Magd. College; P. Brett, G. Bryant, B. Dixie, M. W. B. Folkes, G. H. Woodcock, Emmanuel Coll.; J. G. Gordon, W. Layng, T. W. Richards, J. Rickards, Sidney College.

The following gentlemen had previously been admitted to the degree of Master of Arts, but did not present themselves for creation on Tuesday last:—

A. B. Simonds, King's College; C. J. Bayley, W. J. Butler, H. W. Hodgson, H. Lloyd, T. Robinson, E. J. Rose, G. T. Warner, W. Wicks, Trinity College; E. Birch, S. Bucklen, J. Bywater, W. F. Chilcot, F. C. Cook, H. W. De Winton, J. S. Hiley, G. A. Langdale, C. A. Raines, J. Romney, E. Shuttleworth, W. Whitworth, St. John's Coll.; T. J. Burton, H. Goldsmith, G. G. Guyon, J. L. Hodgson, M. N. Peters, St. Peter's College; H. Meers, C. G. Smith, Clare Hall; J. J. Day, J. Jones, T. Morton, Corpus Christi College; W. Burdett, P. W. Copeman, S. Longhurst, W. Mills, Queen's College; W. Alnutt, H. F. Beckett, E. Over, Catharine Hall; W. H. Pillans, Jesus Coll.; R. Ainslie, E. Boor, Emmanuel College; J. Yorke, Sidney Coll.; E. B. Wheatley, Downing College.

July 4.—The following degrees were conferred:—

Masters of Arts.—T. S. Evans, St. John's College; C. W. Green, St. Peter's College; B. J. Armstrong, Caius College; J. B. Johnson, Corpus Christi College; J. A. Ashley, Jesus College.

Ad eundem.—G. Hemming, M.A., Merton College, and C. Williams, B.D., Jesus College, Oxford.

The Chancellor's prizes for the ensuing year are:—For Latin verse, "Numa Pomplius." For an English essay, "The causes and consequences of national revolutions among the ancients and the moderns compared." For a Latin essay, "De ordine equestri apud Romanos."

Sir R. Newdigate's prize is "Petra." For the best composition in English verse, not limited to 50 lines.

Members' Prizes.—On Monday last the two prizes of fifteen guineas each, annually given by the Representatives in Parliament of the University to two Bachelors of Arts who compose the best dissertations in Latin prose, were adjudged as under:—

T. Byers, B.A., scholar of Christ's College,
H. M. Birch, B.A., fellow of King's College,
[Craven's] Univ. scholar, Browne's medallist,
Greek and Latin ode, 1840, Browne's medal-list
and Camden's medallist, 1841.]

Subject: "Quomodo in adibus sacris ornamenta artesque ad architecturam pertinentes vere religioni prouunt."

ROYAL ASIATIC SOCIETY.

At the last meeting of the Royal Asiatic Society a paper was read by Prof. Royle, "On the identification of the hyssop of the Scripture with the caper plant." The professor said that he had on this, as on former occasions, been led to the identification by finding, in lists of drugs in Arabian medical writings, a name similar to that of hyssop in Hebrew. He then read some passages of Scripture where the hyssop is mentioned; from which it follows that the hyssop must have grown in lower Egypt and about Mount Sinai before and during the Exodus, and afterwards about Jerusalem; that it must grow on walls or rocks; and that it must get to a sufficient size to yield a rod or stick; that it must have formed a bunch, to be used in sprinkling; and that it must have cleansing properties. In order to demonstrate the identity of any plant with the hyssop, it was necessary that such plant should possess all these properties; and also that it should have a vernacular appellation similar to its Hebrew name. Many plants had been brought forward, but none of them possessed all the requisites. They either did not grow on walls, or they did not form a stick, or they had no cleansing properties; and none of them had a name like the Hebrew *ezob* or *ezor*. Dr. Royle had seen in Rhazes that a species of hyssop grew near Jerusalem; and Burkhardt describes a plant which he saw in the neighbourhood of Mount Sinai, called *azsaf*. The name and description caused him to infer that this must be the caper plant, one of whose names is *azsaf*. He then proceeded to shew that this plant possesses all the qualities required for its identification with the hyssop: its name is similar; it grows upon rocks and walls; it is mentioned as becoming a shrub of a hard and woody substance, when growing in a congenial climate; ancient authors speak of its detergent qualities; and it is still retained as an aperient root in some of the continental pharmacopœias. From all these characters, the professor concluded that the caper plant was the hyssop of the Bible.

FINE ARTS.

The Ecclesiastical Architecture of Italy, from the Time of Constantine to the Fifteenth Century. With an Introduction and Text. By H. Gally Knight, Esq. F.R.S. F.S.A. Vol. II. folio. London, H. Bohn.

This splendid volume completes Mr. Knight's noble design; and brings us down to a period when we may say the ancient architecture of Italy blended into the modern, and another style of art began to flourish. As in the preceding publication of the first part, we have the same handsome, or rather gorgeous, ex-

pense of embellishment, paper, and typography; but, as in all cases where true taste and feeling preside, we have at the same time the utmost chasteness and accuracy. The drawings are correct to a tile, and yet the general effects are magnificent; it is, indeed, an extremely interesting work, and of lasting value wherever the fine arts are prized. More we need not say on the present occasion, but refer our readers to the particular review of the preceding vol. in No. 1374 (May 20, 1843), all the general remarks in which are applicable to this very satisfactory sequel.

There are fifteen plates of the 12th century, fifteen of the 13th, nine of the 14th, and two of the 15th; and their variety is extraordinary. Not only does almost every building differ from every other, but many of them differ entirely from themselves—there being an instance of an interior in the round style, whilst the exterior is pointed. Elsewhere, as additions or alterations were made, we observe Greek, Saracenic, Oriental, Byzantine, Romanesque, German, Lombard. The mixture is fruitful of the picturesque, and renders every subject a study to dwell upon. Ancona is a singular edifice of this combination of orders. The Towers of Bologna, monuments of the pride and vanity of her lordly patricians, are remarkable memorials of the absurd length to which foolish ambition could misdirect itself. That which was originally a needful means of protection and defence, became a monstrosity (one is 376 feet high); and the tower of Babel was only the earliest example of human presumption which these capitani seemed desirous to copy as heir-looms for their posterity. Pisa is grand; and Milan still more so. Florence shews us the largest dome in the world; and the Tombs of the Scaligers at Verona, where the panoplied warriors are sculptured in the semblance of life, afford us an evidence that the artists of Italy were not infected with the notion that their great men should be represented like Greeks, or even ancient Romans. The Under-Church at Assissi deserves particular notice; and St. Michele at Luca is another striking picture; and Spoleto, too, with its very curious façade. And among portals, fortresses, piazzas, palaces, baptisteries, tombs, as well as cathedrals and churches, we should direct attention to the view of Orvieto, of Etruscan antiquity, and situated on a hill of Appenine form and beauty. It is a charming landscape, and delights us the more from standing alone in the midst of another class of productions of art.

Again and again we have to repeat the public acknowledgment to the author for giving us a work worthy of his munificence as a friend and patron of the arts, and worthy of the press, the age, and the country.

Portrait of Daniel O'Connell. Painted by T. Carrick; engraved by W. Holl. A very striking and characteristic likeness of this famous Irishman, and admirably engraved. He is seated in an easy chair, in undress costume, both hands advantageously disposed and seen, a fur he often wears about his neck, and the head in natural and full relief. The countenance is of his present age; and the small eye expressing more than is usual of thought and gravity.

THE WELLINGTON STATUE.

Observations upon Inscriptions.

In looking over the *Literary Gazette*, which absence from town prevented me doing in course of publication, I learnt for the first time, by your remarks of the 13th, that the

committee had determined to record "Wellington" only upon his statue. The inconsistency of such an inscription is so manifest, that it seems to be one of the most extraordinary decisions ever come to. A mere casting-vote should not have had this power; for if the general voice of the subscribers were listened to, and the opinion of the public at large taken, I feel satisfied that the common sense of the many would be in favour of an *appropriate* tribute. You ask whether it is too late to reconsider the subject: I should hope not, even if the objectionable record were already placed on the pedestal; and, in furtherance of your own proper remarks upon the question, I would trouble you with a few observations, because the erection of a statue to the living great is so rare, if not unexampled, in this country, that such an opportunity should not pass unnoticed by some one.

It is too much the practice, and a very bad and ungrateful one, to wait until the death of great men before recording their services by public statues. And when their memory is preserved in this manner, the eminent virtues, or other characteristic qualities which distinguished them, are either shut up in a mere name written on their effigies, as "Canning," or their statues are confined in Westminster Abbey or St. Paul's, or else their deeds perpetuated only in history. It is considered that men so eminent as the Duke of Wellington and Nelson are in the memories of all by their great achievements, and that their mere name, therefore, is all-sufficient to recall their eminent services to their country. This may be a just consideration as regards their own age, and perhaps the next generation; but when two or three periods have gone by, the pressing avocations of each age prevent the people acquiring that proper acquaintance with the great men of a past time which is necessary to obtain a particular knowledge of those remarkable qualities of mind by which they rose to so exalted a position. Who knows now any thing of Marlborough? Literary men, and those who decide upon the questions of art, are, I fear, too much habituated to consider a mere name sufficient, and to come to their conclusions through the impression that the public are as well stored with learning as themselves. But let them mix intimately with those who transact the great commerce of this country, and they would be astonished, if not shocked, to find how small an amount of history and literature serve to carry on the pecuniary business of this powerful nation. Speaking of that portion of the people which may be considered as the public of the largest commercial city in the world, it may be said of them all, that they are brought from school at fifteen, and day after day, until an advanced period of life, kept at the desk from ten till six; bankers' clerks, merchants' clerks, lawyers' clerks, and the shopocracy still later. Even the principals, taking the majority, work through these hours, long after they have raised themselves from their servitude to others. What time, then, have the public to become intimately acquainted with the past, who can only just find time to keep pace with the multifarious discoveries, inventions, improvements, and other demands which their own period gives rise to? The exhaustion of business renders it so difficult for men to do so, that I question whether you can find one out of five who has a just comprehension even of the science of his own time.

In the present progress of society, therefore,

a mere name upon a statue is not sufficiently descriptive, under any circumstances. But when it shall convey to the comprehensions of the present, and every other generation, a false sentiment, it is not only ridiculous to those who permit it, but it tells a falsehood, and perpetuates it. It is an injustice to a great man, and an injury to society, since it does not record that which it was expressly and solely designed to honour and declare. Such is the case in the present instance. The mere word "Wellington" tells to all the world, acquainted only with the warrior, that the citizens of London (commercial city, cultivating peace!) have erected a statue to the Genius of War, to commemorate his military triumphs. This they have not done, nor did the subscribers contemplate. It will, therefore, record a falsity; and those who paid their money will have just reason to complain that their intentions have not been realised. But as there can be no departure from truth without entailing some unconsidered near or remote injustice, it will be seen that the eminent individual it is designed to honour is defrauded of one of the brightest jewels of his ducal coronet—the perpetuation of his civil fame. Napoleon truly observed—even when he was tumbling down king after king, and throne after throne—that his civil triumphs would be more lasting than his military. He had the prescience, with the power, of ever perpetuating his name in the civil remembrance of France by his Code Napoleon; and doubtless this great gift, the useful arts which he restored, and the magnificent improvements which he made, continue for his memory that admiration which his military achievements, wonderful as they were, would not alone have secured. Is it, then, just that we should pass by the only opportunity of perpetuating the civil services of our Wellington? The world knows him only as the warrior. The foreigners who congregate from every shore to transact the business of the earth upon our Exchange, will gather no other opinion of him than that he was a mere conqueror, a slayer of human beings, deficient in those greater qualities of mind, the arts of peace, which distinguished his extraordinary rival and all great generals. Napoleon and Frederick the Great are truly great by their civil achievements. The embellishment of their kingdoms, the arts of learning, science, agriculture, and commerce, with the fine arts, occupied as much of their care as their wars. The great facilities of internal and distant communication of the former are, indeed, as extraordinary as his military triumphs. Shall it, then, be said, that Wellington did so little for civilisation, so little to improve his country and benefit his species, that his civil services were not thought worthy of recording, even after the statue intended for the purpose was finished? Let nothing so palpably false be inferred from the present inscription. The world knows him as an able general: let the present and the future generation know him as something more, that no invidious distinction may now or hereafter be drawn between the two greatest rivals of all time, to the prejudice of Wellington in the higher qualities of the human mind—the useful arts.

The evident object of an inscription is to convey a moral—the lesson of a life—to inspire an emulation of the great deeds of the person eulogised. The erection of statues, therefore, is the most comprehensive as well as the shortest method of conveying instruction that human ingenuity has yet attained. Would there were more of them! Man requires so constantly to be reminded of his duty, that however intimate the most learned may be

with the great qualities of the living or dead, unless brought to his frequent notice by some such practical method, they are not recalled so often by voluntary operation of thought as to be of most service to him. But to those who have no such leisure, in the haunts of business and pleasure, how frequently might not the solemn record on the statue of departed genius flash conviction of nobler pursuits, and teach to follow in that glorious track of light which distinguished the eagle spirit's course to a loftier sphere of existence! But if a false sentiment be objectionable at all times as a disservice to the majesty of truth, it is more particularly so at the present period, and in regard to the only warrior who has so strongly recorded that "War is a terrible evil." The prevailing spirit of the age is humanity. It is too palpably seen, though in its infancy, to be mistaken. Yet the citizens of London pervert this growing spirit, and would leave to all time the record that it is a warlike age. Every public work, every thing destined for posterity, should be in keeping, and speak to remote times the characteristic of the age. But "Wellington" is the unmistakeable hieroglyphic of war—a false symbol of the period of the work of the statue. It is a chronological error in history. The wickedness and absurdity of war, the delusions of its false glory, the miseries and atrocious cruelties which accompany it, and the heavy burdens which for ever after weigh down the industry of the producing classes to continue the imposts required to maintain it, are all now viewed in their true light, and abhorred. This statue, then, like others, should be an instructor. It should teach the new light of the age, the more humane sentiment prevailing. It should shew the progress made in public opinion. It should teach, by a suitable inscription, to kings, queens, generals, and posterity, that the citizens of London value more the arts of peace than war. It is not a national erection, where the mere name might be considered sufficient to record services to his country so remarkable that it may be inferred all must know them. It is a peculiar remembrance for services to a particular portion of the community. A statue, in its most enlarged significance, should be addressed to the world and to posterity, as well as to the nation and the age. It is comprehensive, not narrow, and should therefore speak to the understanding of the most illiterate reader the express object it was designed to commemorate. But, save those who happen to know the fact, few living out of the metropolis are acquainted with the part taken by the Duke of Wellington in the city improvements. In the next generation, then, his civic services will be forgotten if not now recorded; whereas every countryman, every artisan, now and in future, who can read, ought to learn some lesson from the statue of a great man.

Sending you in haste this rough draft of observations, I would hope they may lead to more experienced pens taking up the subject, and to the alteration of an inscription so at variance with the spirit of the age, and particularly with that conservancy of peace which the city of London should take every opportunity of spreading and perpetuating.

B. Reading, 25th July.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

REMEMBRANCE.

We remember all the sunshine
Of hours long pass'd away;
We remember, till we half forget
The shadows of to-day.

How often, when the brow is grave
And all is dark around,
The heart from some sweet memory
An inward joy hath found!

And better far it loves to dwell
Midst the visions of the past
Than to watch the troubled splendour
Upon the present cast.

We remember all the sorrows
That met us on our way;
When our path seem'd midst the flowers
Of the long, long summer-day.

And often when the eye is bright,
And on the lip a smile,
We feel the heart-pulse sinking
With some hidden woe the while.

So we nurse perchance our brightest thought
Amid a thousand fears,
And we have not always done with grief
When we have done with tears.

EMMA B.

VARIETIES.

The Haymarket Theatre will close on Wednesday with a play for the benefit of Mr. Webster, its liberal and spirited lessee; who has, we trust, had a season to return him the *quid pro quo* for the encouragement he has given to the drama. Independently of the public favour he has so strenuously exerted himself to merit, we observe that his company have subscribed for a handsome epigone, to present to him as a tribute of their respect for his management.

George's Westerham Journal.—Among the signs of the times, we have to notice one of a gratifying literary character. We have just finished the perusal of five Nos. of a monthly journal under the above title (from March to July inclusive), and which is published in the pleasant little Kentish village of Westerham! What its circulation in the south-east parts of the county may be, we know not; but we can truly say that it is a very agreeable miscellany, and deserves to be known among the periodicals of the metropolis.

Booksellers' Provident Retreat.—A most gratifying meeting was held yesterday at the Albion Tavern by the members of the committee of the above association, for the purpose of thanking Mr. John Dickenson for his liberal gift of land on which to build the houses of the Booksellers' Provident Retreat (see our last No.). Measures were adopted for the immediate erection and occupation of suitable premises; and the worthy donor's co-operation and assistance were invited in carrying out the benevolent designs of the association, which had been so materially assisted by his generous act.

The Booksellers' Assistants of the metropolis, than whom a more intelligent and meritorious class of hard-working men do not exist, have drawn up a statement and petition to be somewhat relieved from the long and late hours devoted to their occupation. Trade, they justly observe, is not the end but the means of life; a great fact only too much lost sight of in our enterprising and competing mercantile country, where all seem to be engaged in acquiring, and none in enjoying. In other trades, relaxations have taken place; and they appear to us (from this paper) to be eminently requisite in that of bookselling. Whether to close at 7 o'clock throughout the year be a just medium or not, we cannot determine; but, at all events, the suggestions thrown out are most deserving of candid consideration.

The Wellington City Inscription.—We are glad to see that the *Times* newspaper has taken up this subject, and ably reclaimed against the bald monograph voted for the pedestal of this un-honouring civic honour.

Decoration of Parliament Houses.—Out of the specimens of metal decorative art exhibited at the St. James's Bazaar, the committee have recommended for adoption those of Messrs. Messenger and Sons of Birmingham, Messrs. Branch and Co., and Mr. Abbott.

The Arts-Unions Bill, which has come down from the Lords to the Commons, will enable the existing associations to distribute their prizes between this and January 1st, 1845, without fear of *qui tam*; and to legalise the future proceedings of such as are incorporated under government regulations.

The Xanthian Marbles.—Twenty heavy cases of the Xanthian marbles, collected by Mr. Fellowes' expedition this year, have arrived at the British Museum; and are, it is said, to be arranged in the new wing, which will be ready for their reception in twelve months.

Lord Rosse's Telescope.—It is stated in a Belfast paper that the colossal tube, in length above fifty feet, and in diameter nearly eight feet, is now suspended in its permanent position, between the two walls of solid masonry, built to correspond with the architecture of the castle. It is attached at its lower extremity—where the speculum, weighing four tons, is to be placed—by a massive universal joint of beautiful workmanship, and weighing nearly three tons; and its counterpoise, about seven tons weight, is so skilfully contrived and adjusted, that it easily adapts itself to every alteration in any required elevation or depression of the instrument. At the time of our informant's visit the speculum was in the actual process of being ground, which, together with the subsequent polishing, would occupy, perhaps, a fortnight; so that in about a month or six weeks from the present time the public anxiety will probably be gratified in learning the first results, upon which it is impossible to calculate, of an undertaking which, we may confidently expect, will redound no less to our national honour than it already does to the acknowledged talents and munificent liberality of the patriotic and noble proprietor.

Dr. Dalton, the celebrated chemist, died suddenly at Manchester on Saturday last, aged 78. This venerable man had long enjoyed a European reputation; having very many years ago established it by his atomic theory and other important researches. For the scientific literature of Manchester he performed almost unparalleled service, and raised it from provincial reputation to rank among the capital schools of discovery and intelligence. At the meeting of the British Association at Cambridge he was created an LL.D., and had a pension conferred upon him by government. Dr. Dalton was a member of the Society of Friends; and highly respected not only by them, but by every class of the community.

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Instructions to Young Sportsmen in all that relates to Game and Shooting, by Lieut.-Colonel P. Hawker, 9th edit. enlarged, 8vo, 21s.—*The Mother's Primer: a Little Child's First Steps in many Ways*, by Mrs. Felix Summerly, 1s.—*The Enchanted Rose*, translated from the German of Ernst Schulze, by Caroline de Cressigny, post 8vo, 6s.—*The Graham Family*; or, *Historical Portfolio*, opened by H. Gould, 1ep, 6s.—*Christian Faith and Practice*; *Parochial Sermons*, by the Rev. J. Garbett, Vol. II., 8vo, 12s.—*Chambers's Cyclopaedia of Literature*, Vol. II., royal 8vo, 7s.—*Jarman and Bythewood's Conveyancing*, by Sweet, Vol. IX., royal 8vo, 30s.—*Social Phenomena of Domestic Life*, by C. F. Gower, 18mo, 1s. 6d.—*Home*, by Miss Sedgwick, 32mo, 2s.—*The Morning Exercises at Cripplegate*, &c., Vol. III., 8vo, 12s.—*Rambles in Germany and Italy*, by Mrs. Shelley, 2 vols. post 8vo, 21s.—*Walks in the Country*, by Lord Leitch, 1ep, 5s.—*Memorials of many Scenes*, by R. M. Milne, 1ep, 5s.

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METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL, 1844.

July.	Thermometer.	Barometer.
Thursday . . . 25	From 52 to 81	29 69 to 29 67
Friday . . . 26	60 . . . 73	29 66 . . . 29 80
Saturday . . . 27	53 . . . 74	29 85 . . . 29 86
Sunday . . . 28	48 . . . 78	29 86 . . . 29 82
Monday . . . 29	55 . . . 69	29 70 . . . 29 68
Tuesday . . . 30	44 . . . 64	29 57 . . . 29 27
Wednesday . . . 31	54 . . . 69	29 30 . . . 29 43

Wind on the 25th, E. by S., S. by E., and S. by W.; 26th, N.W. and N.; 27th, N. and N.W.; 28th, S.S.W., N.W., and W. by S.; 29th, N.W.; 30th and 31st, S. by W., 25th, clear; 26th, morning cloudy, afternoon clear; 27th, 28th, and 29th, generally clear; 30th, cloudy, with showers; 31st, generally cloudy. Rain fallen, 30s of an inch.

Edmonton. CHARLES HENRY ADAMS.
Latitude, 51° 37' 33" north.
Longitude, 3 51' west of Greenwich.

DENT'S TABLE FOR THE EQUATION OF TIME.

[This table shews the time which a clock or watch should indicate when the sun is on the meridian.

	h. m. s.	1844.	h. m. s.
Aug. 3 . . . 12	5 51-0	Aug. 7 . . . 13	5 28-7
4 . . . —	5 45-8	8 . . . —	5 19-2
5 . . . —	5 40-0	9 . . . —	5 11-1
6 . . . —	5 33-6		

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Communications on the business of the Society are requested to be addressed to the Secretary, Dr. George Johnston, Berwick-upon-Tweed; and to the Vice-Secretary, Mr. J. S. Bowerbank, Esq., 45 Park Street, Islington.

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THE PHARMACEUTICAL JOURNAL for August 1,
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